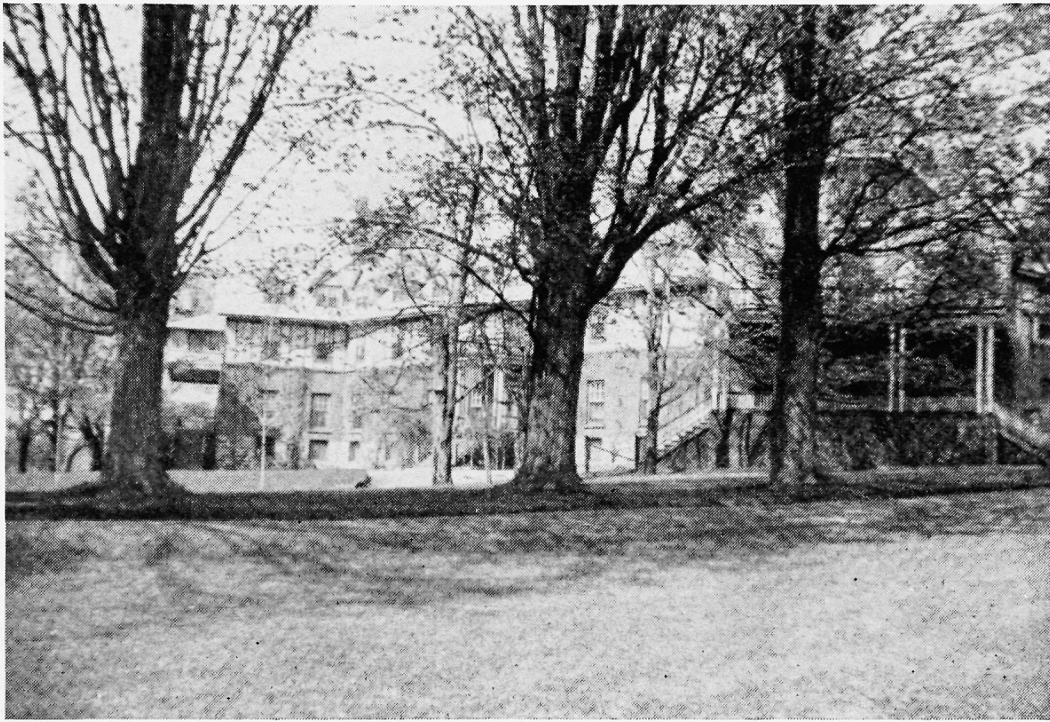


# King's Hall



1950



King's Hall  
Compton  
Quebec



# King's Hall Magazine

June 1950

}}

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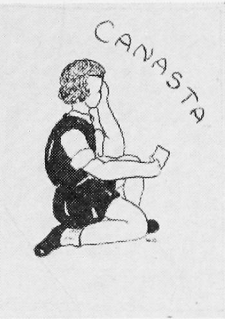
FORM REPRESENTATIVES

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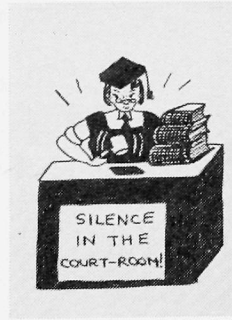
CATHARINE EVANS 1947-1950  
Montreal, P.Q. Prefect on MacDonald  
"Joy rises in me, like a summer morn."  
Pet Aversion: Closed windows.  
Favourite Pastime: Doing those energetic exercises.  
Ambition: Missionary.  
Probable Destination: Eaten alive by African cannibals.  
Activities: Soccer, School '48-'50, House '48-'50, Form '48-'50; Basketball, House '48-'50, Form '48-'50; Choir '49-'50; Volleyball, House '49-'50, Form '49-'50; Dramatics '48-'49; Swimming '48-'50; Music Club '48-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Magazine Committee '49-'50; Tennis, winner of doubles '48-'49.



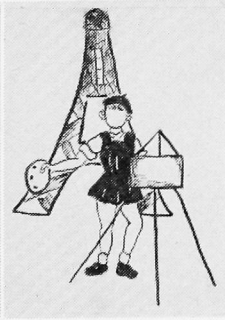
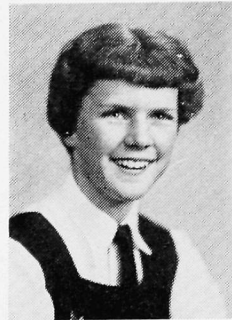
NAOMI SMITH 1948-1950  
Ottawa, Ont. Prefect on MacDonald  
"The Tongue can no man tame, it is an unruly member."  
Pet Aversion: Curling her golden locks.  
Favourite Expression: "I'm here, you lucky people!"  
Ambition: Varies with the attraction.  
Probable Destination: Being a second Gilbreth.  
Activities: Basketball, House '49-'50, Form '49-'50; Swimming '49-'50; Dramatics '48-'49; Current Events '49-'50; Choir '48-'50; Volleyball, House '49-'50, Form '49-'50; Skiing C and B.



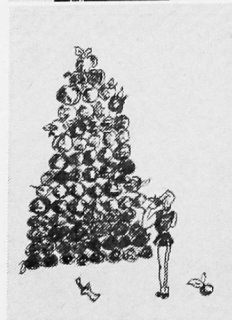
PAT GRUCHY 1947-1950  
Newfoundland Prefect on Montcalm  
"I'll rant and roar like a true Newfoundlander."  
Pet Aversion: Noise.  
Favourite Expression: Ya?!  
Ambition: To have a good year.  
Probable Destination: Married next year.  
Activities: Music Club '48-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Literary Club '50; Soccer, School '48-'50, House '48-'50, Form '48-'50; Magazine Committee '48-'49; Photography Club '48-'49; Volleyball, House '49-'50, Form '49-'50.



DEIRDRE MOLSON 1947-1950  
Montreal, P.Q. Prefect on Montcalm  
"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."  
Pet Aversion: D.A's. blue light.  
Favourite Pastime: Eating.  
Ambition: Lawyer.  
Probable Destination: Being the accused.  
Activities: Soccer, School '48-'50, House '48-'50, Form '48-'50; Basketball, House '48-'50, Form '48-'50; Dramatics '48-'49; Volleyball, House '49-'50, Form '49-'50; Swimming '48-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Music Club '48-'50; Skiing C and B; Literary Club '49-'50.



WILLA OGILVIE 1946-1950  
Cartierville, P.Q. Prefect on Rideau  
"And here I wander in dreams  
Some blessed power deliver me from hence."  
Pet Aversion: Busy telephone lines.  
Favourite Expression: That's priceless!  
Ambition: Gougain II.  
Probable Destination: Gordie Moore II.  
Activities: Soccer, House '46-'48, Form '46-'48; Swimming '49-'50; Basketball, House '46-'50, Form '46-'48; Music Club '48-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Library Committee '47-'50; Skiing C and B; Volleyball, House '47-'50, Form '47-'50; Literary Club '49-'50; Dramatics '47-'49.



JOAN ROBB 1948-1950  
Montreal, P.Q. Prefect on Rideau  
"With grace to win and heart to hold."  
Pet Aversion: Turning off the alarm clock.  
Favourite Pastime: Eating apples.  
Ambition: To be bilingual.  
Probable Destination: Teaching sign language to the Indians.  
Activities: Soccer, School '48-'50, House '48-'50, Form '48-'50; Volleyball, House '48-'50, Form '48-'50; Music Club '49-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Swimming '49-'50; Dramatics '48-'49; Tennis winner of singles and doubles '48-'49; Skiing C and B; Basketball, House '49-'50, Form '49-'50.



DOLLY ANN ARNOLD  
Glencoe, Ill.

1947-1950  
Montcalm  
Residence Captain

"Did you ever think on such a morning as this that drowning would be happiness and peace?"

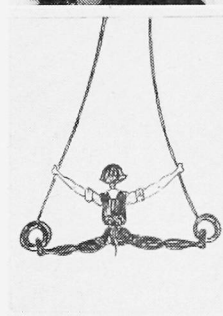
Pet Aversion: Immodesty.

Favourite Pastime: Making Jello.

Ambition: Just to write.

Favourite Expression: Oh rahhly!

Activities: Music Club '48-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Skiing C Test '50; Library Committee Head '49-'50, on Committee '48-'50; Assistant Magazine Editor '49-'50; Soccer, School '48-'49, House '47-'50, Form '47-'50; Swimming '48-'49; Volleyball, House '49-'50, Form '49-'50; Literary Club '49-'50; Choir '48-'50; Dramatics '48-'49.



CYNTHIA HANDS  
Montreal, P.Q.

1946-1950  
Montcalm  
Sports Captain

"I can resist anything but temptation . . ."

Pet Aversion: Tight skirts.

Favourite Pastime: Eating English biscuits.

Ambition: To cultivate a tennis serve.

Probable Destination: Painting lines on the Compton courts.

Activities: Soccer, School '47-'50, House '46-'50, Form '46-'50; Basketball, House '46-'50, Form '46-'50; Swimming '48-'50; Volleyball, House '46-'50, Form '46-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Badminton winner of doubles '47-'48; Ski Test C and B; Sports Captain '48-'49; Dramatics '48-'49; Music Club '48-'50.

## Form Officers



BARBARA DAWES  
Montreal, P.Q.

1946-1950  
MacDonald  
Science Matric Form Captain

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men!"

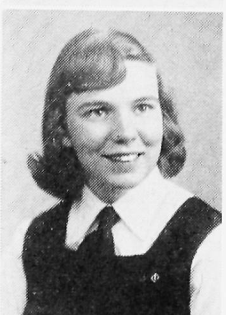
Pet Aversion: Closed windows.

Favourite Expression: "Honestly!"

Ambition: To be a nurse.

Probable Destination: Scrubbing floors in a hospital.

Activities: Music Club '49-'50, Current Events '48-'50, Magazine Committee '48-'49; Volleyball, House '47-'50, Form '49-'50; Literary Club '49-'50.



MARY ELLEN McDERMID  
London, Ont.

1948-1950  
Rideau  
Arts Matric Form Captain

"Nothing astonishes men so much as common  
sense and plain dealing."

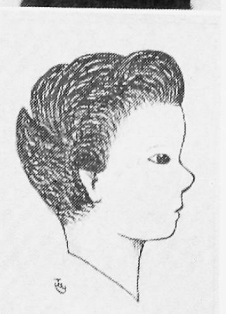
Pet Aversion: People with weak mouths.

Outstanding Characteristic: A great exerciser especially when the lights go out.

Ambition: To be so thin she has to stand in two places at once to make a shadow.

Probable Destination: Standing in one place and casting a double-sized shadow.

Activities: Magazine Committee '48-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Literary Club '49-'50; Choir '48-'50; Soccer, House, Form '48-'50; Volleyball, House, Form '49-'50; Magazine Editor '49-'50; Basketball, House '49-'50; Skiing C and B.



CYNTHIA ROBERTS  
Montreal, P.Q.

1947-1950  
Rideau  
Matric Sport Captain

"It is the prime duty of a woman of this terrestrial world to look well. Neatness is the asepis of clothes."

Pet Aversion: Being left waiting.

Favourite Expression: "I'm going now?"

Ambition: To get to McGill as a student.

Probable Destination: Cleaning floors in the Arts building.

Activities: Soccer, School '49-'50, House '48-'50, Form '47-'50; Basketball, House, Form '47-'50; Current Events '47-'50; Volleyball, House, Form '49-'50; Photography Club '47-'48; Music Club '48-'50; Magazine Committee '48-'49; Choir '49-'50; Swimming '48-'50; Literary Club '49-'50.



## Matrics

JOAN COUTU 1948-1950  
Temiskaming, P.Q. Rideau

"A pine tree stands so lonely  
In the North where the high winds blow."

Pet Aversion: Southerners.

Favourite Expression: "You know!"

Ambition: Geologist.

Probable Destination: Caddy.

Activities: Music Club '48-'50; Current Events '49-'50; Volleyball, House, Form, '49-'50; Literary Club '49-'50; Soccer, Form '49-'50.



JEAN EVERETT 1948-1950  
Concord, New Hampshire. MacDonald

"An unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies"

Pet Aversion: Hanging up the curtains.

Favourite Expression: "My hair looks like a shrub"

Ambition: To be an artist.

Probable Destination: Painting frescoes on the Empire State Building.

Activities: Music Club '48-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Soccer, Form, House, '48-'50, School '49-'50; Basketball, House '48-'50; Swimming '48-'50; Volleyball, House, Form '49-'50; Literary Club '49-'50; Skiing C and B; Choir '48-'50.



JOAN FREWIN 1948-1950  
Montreal, P.Q. Rideau

"I was gratified to be able to answer promptly,  
and I did. I said I didn't know."

Pet Aversion: The top bunk.

Favourite Expression: How does this scarf look?

Ambition: Art school.

Probable Destination: Painting barber poles.

Activities: Volleyball, House '49-'50, Form '49-'50; Literary Club '49-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Library Committee '49-'50; Music Club '48-'50; Skiing C.



JANE GORDON 1946-1950  
Knowlton, P.Q. MacDonald

"Let no one who loves be called altogether unhappy,  
Even love unreturned has its rainbow."

Pet Aversion: Having her plant squashed by oncoming mattresses.

Favourite Expression: "All right!"

Ambition: To be a singing Sarah Bernhardt.

Probable Destination: Pulling curtains at Radio City.

Activities: Magazine Committee '49-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Soccer, Form '47-'48; Volleyball, House and Form '49-'50; Music Club '48-'50; Dramatics '46-'49; Skiing C; Choir '47-'50.



JOY HARVEY 1946-1950  
Montreal, P.Q. Rideau

"How like a queen comes forth the lonely moon."

Pet Aversion: Closed windows.

Favourite Expression: Aren't we all?"

Ambition: Artist.

Probable Destination: Professional doodler.

Activities: Soccer, School '47-'50, House '47-'49, Form '48-'49; Volleyball, House '49-'50, Form '49-'50; Music Club '48-'50; Magazine Committee '49-'50; Literary Club '49-'50; Swimming '49-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Choir '48-'50; Skiing C & B.



SUSAN HARVEY 1947-1950  
Newfoundland. Rideau

"Be Newfoundland what it will,  
With all its faults I love it still."

Pet Aversion: Eggs.

Favourite Expression: "Don't be a fool, Willie."

Ambition: Father's private secretary.

Probable Destination: Cleaning fish in St. John's harbour.

Activities: Soccer, School '48-'50, House '48-'49, Form '48-'49; Basketball, Form '47-'48; Current Events '48-'50; Volleyball, House '49-'50, Form '49-'50; Music Club '48-'50; Skiing C and B.







NAN KENNEDY  
Montreal, P.Q.

1948-1950  
Rideau

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Pet Aversion: Cheery people in the morning.  
Outstanding Characteristic: A great talker even in her sleep.  
Ambition: To analyze the quirks of the world.  
Probable Destination: Controlling the quirks of her ten children.  
Activities: Soccer, House '48-'50, Form '48-'50; Music Club '49-'50; Basketball, House '48-'50, Form '48-'50; Swimming '48-'50; Volleyball, House '49-'50, Form '49-'50; Dramatics '48-'49; Magazine Committee '49-'50; Literary Club '49-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Skiing C and B.



ANN LINDSAY  
Gaspé, P.Q.

1947-1950  
Rideau

"Give a little love to a child, and you get a great deal back."  
Pet Aversion: Getting Claustro.  
Favourite Expression: "Someone's going to get hurt!"  
Ambition: Kindergarten teacher.  
Probable Destination: Raising kids for someone else to teach.  
Activities: Soccer, School, House, Form '47-'50; Current Events '47-'50; Basketball, House, Form '47-'50; Volleyball, House Form '49-'50; Photography Club '47-'48; Literary Club '49-'50; Music Club '47-'48; Skiing C.



BUNTY MAVOR  
Toronto, Ont.

1948-1950  
MacDonald

"Blessed are the forgetful, for they get the better even of their blunders."  
Pet Aversion: People who fidget.  
Favourite Pastime: Listening to Kenn talk in her sleep.  
Ambition: Return to Europe to be occupied in the interests of others.  
Probable Destination: Occupied Europe returns Bunty in the interests of others (on this side).  
Activities: Soccer, School '49-'50, House, Form '48-'50; Music Club '48-'50; Basketball, House '48-'49; Volleyball, House, Form '49-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Library Committee '48-'50; Literary Club '49-'50; Dramatics '48-'49; Swimming '48-'50.



VALERIE MEYER  
New York, N.Y.

1941-1950  
Montcalm

"Without music life would be a mistake"  
Pet Aversion: Turning mattresses in the top bunk.  
Favourite Expression: "Isn't that typical?"  
Ambition: To be constantly surrounded by music.  
Probable Destination: Dusting records for Willis & Co.  
Activities: Music Club '48-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Basketball Form '46-'47; Volleyball, House, Form '46-'48-'49-'50; Choir '47-'50; Form Captain '44-'46; Winner of Junior Badminton Doubles '46-'47; Dramatics '42-'44-'46-'47-'48-'49; Skiing C and B.



CLAIRE OAKS  
New York, N.Y.

1946-1950  
Montcalm

"If brains were music, she'd be a brass band."  
Pet Aversion: Cicero.  
Favourite Expression: "Can I offer you something—an aspirin maybe?"  
Ambition: To reform the world.  
Probable Destination: Reformatory.  
Activities: Basketball, House, '46-'47; Volleyball, House, Form '49-'50; Soccer, School '48-'49, House '47-'50, Form '46-'50; Music Club '48-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Swimming '48-'49; Library Committee '47-'50; Literary Club '49-'50; Magazine Committee '49-'50; Dramatics '46-'49.



NANCY POLLOCK  
Montreal, P.Q.

1947-1950  
MacDonald

"Will you walk a little faster?  
Said the tortoise to the snail."  
Pet Aversion: People that make her eat.  
Favourite Pastime: Leaving the lights on.  
Ambition: A good night's sleep.  
Probable Destination: A rest-cure home.  
Activities: Volleyball, House, Form '49-'50; Literary Club '49-'50; Current Events '48-'50; Music Club '48-'50; Skiing C and B; Dramatics '48-'49.

JUNE THOMPSON  
Montreal, P.Q.

1949-1950  
MacDonald

"Love is the mind's strong physic and the pill  
That leaves the heart sick, and o'er turns the will."

Pet Aversion: Letterless days.

Favourite Saying: "How's my little fella?"

Ambition: Physical Education.

Probable Destination: Painting the white lines in the gym.

Activities: Basketball, Form, House '49-'50; Volleyball, Form,  
House '49-'50; Music Club '49-'50; Current Events '49-'50;  
Poetry Club '49-'50.



BETTE LOU VAN BUSKIRK  
Fredericton, N.B.

1946-1950  
Rideau

"As everyone glow'ed amazed and curious,  
Mischievous and fun grew fast and furious."

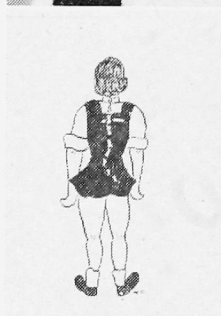
Pet Aversion: Calories.

Favourite Expression: "How can you tell?"

Ambition: McGill.

Probable Destination: "Down home."

Activities: Soccer, School '48-'49, House and Form '46-'50;  
Music Club '48-'49; Basketball, House and Form '46-'49;  
Current Events '49-'50; Volleyball, House and Form '46-'50;  
Swimming '48-'49; Skiing C; Dramatics '48-'49.



SANDRA WILSON  
Montreal, P.Q.

1947-1950  
Rideau

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Pet Aversion: Being called Puddle Duck.

Favourite Pastime: Crossword puzzles.

Ambition: To dissect a dinosaur.

Probable Destination: To dissect a dinosaur.

Activities: Library Committee '48-'50; Literary Club '49-'50;  
Current Events '49-'50; Dramatics '48-'49.



## Household Science

JILL CHAPLIN  
Hartford, Conn.

1948-1950  
Montcalm

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

Pet Aversion: Bright lights.

Favourite Expression: "Ginger Peach!"

Ambition: To relieve Oscar Peterson on the "Eighty-Eights."

Probable Destination: Piano tuner at Carnegie Hall.

Activities: Current Events '48-'50, Music Club '48-'50.



## Senior Student

ANNE PANGMAN  
Montreal, P.Q.

1946-1950  
Montcalm

"Her hair hangs like flax on a distaff,  
For thou seest it will not curl by nature."

Pet Aversion: Getting up early to study.

Favourite Pastime: Eating grapefruit after lights out.

Ambition: To struggle through college.

Probable Destination: Back at Compton for another year.

Activities: Library Committee '46-'49; Literary Club '48-'50;  
Music Club '48-'50; Soccer, House, Form '47-'48; Current  
Events '47-'50.



Cartoons by A. Pangman, J. Harvey, W. Ogilvie, J. Everett, M. F. Tremain, J. Robb, J. Frewin.

## 2000 A.D.

This is 1950. Everywhere you look you are reminded of that fact. What will we be like fifty years from now at the turn of the century? To answer this question we have obtained from reliable sources the following report on the class of 1950 in the year 2000 A.D.

Your reporter found Joanie living in luxury. Years ago she posed for a mascara ad and those flashing eyes of hers sold two million boxes. She has been living on the commission from the sales ever since. Kitty is an active little old lady spending her time looking after her nineteen grandchildren who all look exactly like grandma. After marrying young, Nancy has lived a life of calmness and tranquillity in The Southern States. Even the bustle of this modern age has not made her hurry. Nims' life has been a busy one. So that she will not get out of practice she can be found any day knitting, talking, reading, and tatting with her toes, all at once. Now she is working on a set-up with which she can turn on the radio by moving one knee. Bette has become a bridge fiend. For the past ten years she has been the president of the Lakeside Ladies' Bridge Club and she does not miss a trick. Ellen surprised us all and became a Dean in a small-town university. Having solved the problems of her students she can be found calmly serving tea to the alumni who drift in now and then. While she is still young she plans to go to the North-west Territories to convert the half-breeds. Three years of law were enough for Didi. She married and has spent the last forty years keeping law and order at home. Nan moved to Alaska! What with harpooning whales, dancing in snow shoes and taming the Eskimos she has been keeping the cold north pretty hot. As we thought she might, Cinnie returned to England. When last heard from her accent was thicker than a pea soup fog. After spending years in Vocational Guidance Claire has retired. It may be hard to believe, but she has become an accomplished knitter, turning out on the average, six white socks a day. Jeannie is the well-known "Granny Gardner" on the television who tells children's stories every morning. Whenever she is not in a reducing salon, Pangman is writing verses for comic valentines and illustrating them herself. Broadway never claimed Jane, but she has been the spark of a Little Theatre Group. She still remembers the night of her greatest success as Juliet. The audience loved her but your re-

porter would hardly call the performance acting, the part came so naturally. Val could not get away from writing letters. She has replaced Dorothy Dix and writes the largest "Advice to the Love-Lorn" column in circulation. Frew has three paintings hanging in art galleries. Neither the critics, the public nor Frew understand these masterpieces, but nobody tries. Susan has had a vigorous life. She knows more about cod fishing than any man in Newfoundland. She entered public life and has spent the last ten years as Mayor of St. Johns. Every morning from six-thirty to seven, Muftie has a breakfast program. It used to be that the whole family took part in discussions around the breakfast table but now that they have grown up Muftie carries on by herself, chatting and playing records. She is still much livelier than anyone has a right to be at that hour. Doodle has run a very successful tourist service for years. Guided trips through Gaspé's rugged regions are her specialty. Do you remember how Cinnie hated the C.N.R.? Well, she married the president and has not been on a good train since. The very worst thing possible has happened to Cooch—she lives in South America in the middle of the jungle on a coffee plantation. She has not seen snow for twenty years. June's home is so cluttered with silver cups and bronze plaques that she was hard to find. She was sitting in a rocker placidly dreaming of the badminton tournaments of her youth. Willy got tired of doing other people's crossword puzzles so she started making her own. She turns out three a day which are probably the ones printed in your local paper. A book of cartoons on life behind prison bars was published by Willa. She had a flair for that type of art even in school. These pictures are so full of feeling that it has been suggested that the artist spent some time in her deep, dark past in one of these public institutions. Of course nothing has been proved. The perfect picture of domesticity is to be found in Pat. She loves to cook and has made a reputation for herself with her Bermudian dishes. D.A. has travelled around the world and back looking for a hill that suits her as well as "Windy." It is feared that the older she gets the odder she gets. As the superintendent of a large hospital, Barbara went far in the nursing profession. She was the horror of all the young probies because, being Barb, she could spot dirt a mile away and untidiness was



considered a sin. Bunty leads the life of Riley. She is a pampered wife and mother and loves it. Just the same she still has a steel will with a velvet covering. Joy and her family became pioneers and moved to a sheep ranch in Australia. The only thing she has drawn for fifteen years is water from the well. And Jill? Heredity caught up with her. She lives in a mansion surrounded by enough antiques to furnish the Waldorf. She is

probably the only person for miles around who still plays jazz.

That is the whole group. They look different now but they really are not different underneath. They are a lot older, and a lot greyer, but even fifty years could not change that group. You would still recognize them all if you had a chance to see them. Here is hoping that you get the chance, in 2000 A.D., to see for yourselves.

MARY ELLEN McDERMID



## All Together



There's lots of joy and gladness through the years.  
There's lots of grief and sadness through the years.  
There's fine and stormy weather;  
But put them all together  
It's the good times with your school friends  
That you think of all, all together.

There's lots of work and worry through the years.  
There's lots of happy memories and some fears.  
But the time that you remember,  
Is the time in each September  
When you come back to old Compton  
Through the years that brought us all, all together.



## Last Will and Testament

We, the Matric class, graduating from King's Hall, Compton, Province of Quebec, Dominion of Canada, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all wills and testaments or codicils thereto, heretofore made by us.

FIRST: We direct our executor hereinafter named to pay out of the assets of our class, as soon as possible after our departure, all the expenses of borrowed rulers, compasses, pencils, scotch-tape, note-paper, envelopes, stamps, pens, ink, band-aids, shoe-laces, badminton birds, tennis balls, bathing caps, and ties; fines for over-due library books, broken windows, overflowing bath tubs, and lights left on; for any remaining debts of the Matric Entertainment; and all just debts allowed as claims against our estate.

SECOND: We give, devise and bequeath unto the following named persons the various items herein-after set forth, namely:

THE 6A's: The gruelling job of table, tea, and corridor duty that goes with the first thrill of being called "The Matrics"; flashlight study till three A.M.—then up at four A.M. plus the extra Saturday prep; fun and working together in the Matric Entertainment; being first *and* second in everything; phone calls every night (!); chairs for Saturday prayers.

THE 6B's: Christmas decoration of the prep hall; lower corridor with part time care of Vicki; hall tea duty; raiding of kitchen competing against the diets; our noise and humour in hopes that *you* will be able to control it.

THE 5A's: Undying crushes; our foolishness in hopes that you will have outgrown it by '53; freedom from locker-room duty; nine o'clock bedtime; being considered part of the "Upper School."

THE 5B's: The joy (?) of monitress duty; the bulk of order marks and inevitable croc walks; prep hall prep; our occasional seriousness that might help you occasionally.

THE JR's: Living in main school with own rooms to decorate; the attic with huge convenient cupboards for—with huge convenient cupboards; our advanced skill of smuggling food from the dining room so that you may perfect it.

NEW GIRLS: The newness of boarding school life—also cheer through home-sickness; the pretty "Pink" soap; the sharing of rooms, school sweaters, and everything else.

THE STAFF: All (?) our spare time (!); going to bed late; the Kokioki; our deepest appreciation and thanks for helping us in all possible ways, and for trying to pass us through our "Matric."

MISS GILLARD: Our enunciation so that you may continue trying to improve it; our "nice mischief," "hanky panky" and "clowning" that we could hardly take with us; our sincerest thanks for all that you have done for us here, and, of course, very very much love from each and every-one of us.

THIRD: All of the rest, residue and remainder of our estate, of whatsoever consisting and wheresoever situated, we give, devise and bequeath unto any inmate of King's Hall who wishes to set forth a claim.

FOURTH: We nominate and appoint Miss Gwladys Keyzer to be the executor of this, our last will and testament; and we direct that said executor may be permitted to serve without giving bond or security thereon, such bond and all security thereon being waived to the extent we may lawfully waive it.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF we have hereunto set our hand and seal this eighth day of June, A. D. 1950.

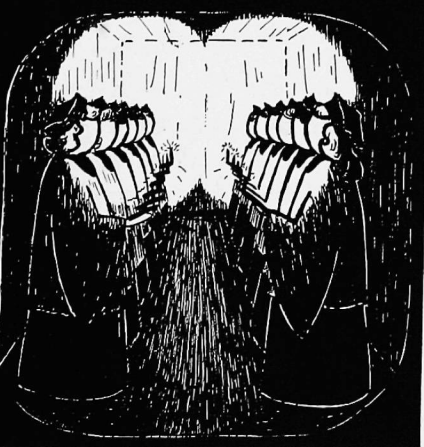
THE MATRICS, 1950

Drawn up by DOLLY ANN ARNOLD, Matric

# School Calendar

1949-1950

- September 14 School reopened.  
 September 27 George Brough piano recital.  
 October 1 Field Day.  
 October 10 Thanksgiving holiday.  
 October 10 B.C.S. Tea Dance.  
 October 15 Soccer game with Stanstead at King's Hall.  
 October 23 Concert given by Frances James and Murray Adaskin.  
 October 28 Hallowe'en supper.  
 October 29 Matric Entertainment.  
 November 1 Soccer game with Stanstead at Stanstead.  
 November 2 Soccer game with B.C.S. Prep team.  
 November 14 Swimming meet and VI A Water Ballet.  
 November 18 School Dance.  
 November 22 Attended U.B.C. plays.  
 December 12 Christmas Carol Service.  
 December 15 School closed.  
 January 11 School reopened.  
 February 2 Singing competition.  
 February 5 Staff's Badminton Tea for Prefects.  
 February 7 B.C.S. play.  
 February 17 School holiday and skiing at Hillcrest.  
 February 24 B.C.S. Chalet Dance.  
 February 24 Skiing at Hillcrest.  
 March 3 Skiing at Hillcrest.  
 March 11 Barbara Ann Scott's "Ice Sensations."  
 March 12 Margaret Ireland piano recital.  
 March 25 Swimming meet.  
 March 25 Biology Exhibition at U.B.C.  
 March 26 Music recital and VI B play.  
 March 29 School closed.  
 April 12 School reopened.  
 April 19 Talk on North-Western Canada by Mr. Phil Allan.  
 May 13 VI A play "She Stoops To Conquer."  
 May 20 Confirmation Service.  
 May 21 Prefect's Garden Party for Staff.  
 June 8 School Closing and Gym Demonstration.



SEPTEMBER 14-27

OCTOBER 1-10

NOVEMBER 1-10

DECEMBER 1-10

SEPTEMBER 14-27

OCTOBER 1-10

NOVEMBER 1-10

DECEMBER 1-10

# The School Year

## "SALVETE!"

Have you met the Rev. Mr. Absalom and his family? Mr. Absalom is our new chaplain who came to Canada in September with his wife and three children, Michael, Judy, and Ursula. Mr. Absalom, in addition to conducting the service at church every Sunday, teaches Scripture and Junior School history, and is now preparing two groups of girls for Confirmation.

Often, on Sunday afternoons, some of us pay Mr. and Mrs. Absalom a short visit at their house. As Mrs. Absalom does not get away from home very much during the week, she often comes over to the school to see the movie on Saturday nights, while Mr. Absalom stays at home with the children. Michael and Judy seem thoroughly to enjoy playing with the younger girls, and no doubt Ursula will too when she grows up.

We hope that Mr. and Mrs. Absalom and the children will be happy in their new home, and that Mr. Absalom will find, in his work, the contentment and satisfaction he is looking for in Canada.

JANE GORDON, Matric



## WHO ?

It is hard to tell how old he is for certainly his spirit is young. We see him as short and stout, with white hair and stubby beard, and always with that certain twinkle in his eye. He brings news from the outside world, light into the class rooms; he repairs what we have broken, and supplies us with what we lack.

I doubt if many of us even know his last name (Skuse) yet how many times have we gone down to his office with, "I need a towel rack—the hinge is off the bureau—my chair is broken—that window is cracked—the sinks won't drain—my skis need waxing—this skate is loose—we need some lanterns—have you any wire?—will you wrap my parcel?" and so on, day in and day out.

In spite of this, I have never seen him angry, or even exasperated. Yes, I am speaking of Jimmy whose kindness, helpfulness, and extreme patience make him worthy of being called a "hundred point" person.

DOLLY Ann ARNOLD, Matric

## THE CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

Strains of the "Venite Adoremus" were heard as the choir entered the crowded Prep Hall which had been beautifully decorated by the VI A's. This was the beginning of our Christmas Carol Service of 1949.

Each form in turn, from the youngest to the Matrics, sang two carols, one in English and one in French. After each form had sung, the form captain read part of the Christmas story from the Bible. Following the contributions by the forms, the choir sang three anthems, one being "Glory to God," a three part acappello carol. An unexpected but pleasant surprise was in store for us when Anne Henderson, Sr., sang "He Shall Feed His Flock," accompanied on the violin by Miss McCleery, our new music mistress from England. Some hidden talent was discovered when the staff sang "The Holly and the Ivy," the solos being taken by Miss Parfit, Mademoiselle Cailteux, Miss DesRosiers, and Miss A. MacDonald. The final passages of Scripture were read by the Head Girl, by Miss Keyzer, by Miss Gillard and by Mr. Absalom.

When this first part of our Carol Service was over, the entire school went down to the lounge through the glass passage, where the choir was singing "Silent Night" by candle-light. Our jovial Santa, Jill Chaplin, joined the happy crowd gathered in the lounge and distributed presents to the Staff. The climax was reached when Santa presented Miss Gillard with a bronze fire guard and a hammered bronze wood box. This ended a very pleasant evening.

ANNE THORNTON, VI B



## THE SINGING COMPETITION

(From the point of view of the piano)

Hello! my name is Sweet Note. I am going to tell you a little bit about the singing competition that was held by the girls of King's Hall. First I shall introduce myself; I am the piano that sits on the right hand side of the stage in the Prep Hall.

The competition was held at four o'clock on the afternoon of February the second. For several weeks before, the girls had been expertly trained by the singing mistress, Miss McCleery. Two musicians from Sherbrooke, Mrs. Howard and



Mrs. Bradley were kind enough to come out to the school to act as judges.

The performance started off with the Juniors who very sweetly sang "The British Grenadiers" in unison, and "Early One Morning" in two parts. Next the VA's and the VB's came up together and sang two very pretty songs. I especially liked "Waltzing Matilda" as it was light and gay, most pleasing to the ear. The VI B's then sang "Dear Land of Home" and "Where 'er you Roam." They were accompanied by Shirley Oulton who played me. I was especially glad when VI A got honourable mention as it is my favourite class. Mary Fellows and Willa Price both played me to accompany them. Last were the Matric forms who carried off the prize. They sang "Lonely Woods" in unison and "Dancing in the Snow" in two parts. They were accompanied by Mary Ellen McDermid. When Mrs. Howard presented them with the cup she commented on their beautiful tone and diction.

All in all it was a most successful performance and I can truthfully say that never before have I played for such talented young girls.

SUSAN WIGLE, VI A

### THE ADASKIN RECITAL

Perhaps those at K.H.C. will not remember that it was on October 23 that Frances James, Murray Adaskin and Earle Moss came to Compton, but they will certainly remember the excellent programme presented by the trio.

Among the earliest compositions were the two Arias by the composer J. S. Bach, "My Heart Ever Faithful" and "On My Shepherd I Rely."

Frances James then sang a number of solos accompanied by Earle Moss, who has been with the Adaskins for many years.

England, France, and Germany were among the countries represented by composers such as Delius, Debussy and Schumann. Special mention must also be made of Canzona and Rhondo for violin and piano written and played by Murray Adaskin.

There were many encores throughout the entire evening, especially for some French-Canadien folk songs, which proved to be great favourites. The programme was very mixed, though well balanced and definitely enjoyed by all.

DOLLY ANN ARNOLD, Matric

### DR. BROUGH'S RECITAL

Only the new girls did not realize before-hand what a treat it was to have the first musical concert of the year presented by the celebrated English pianist, Dr. George Brough.

Dr. Brough received his degree at Oxford. He came to Canada to be on the staff of first the Halifax, and later the Toronto Conservatory of Music. After his third visit here on September 27 he toured the United States and is now back in London, England.

His programme was varied, ranging from works of the classical composer, Scarlatti, to those of the more modern French composer, Debussy. Dr. Brough's interpretations were noted for their clarity and originality of thought.

The school was delighted to hear two of the well-known Chopin compositions, Fantasia Impromptu and the Polonaise in A flat. The programme was received with many demands for encores which proved the depth of the school's appreciation.

DOLLY ANN ARNOLD, Matric

### MARGARET ANN IRELAND'S RECITAL

On the night of March 12 we were privileged to hear a piano recital given by Margaret Ann Ireland. Although only a few years older than some of us, Miss Ireland is an accomplished pianist and has a repertoire of over one hundred and forty long compositions. Miss Ireland, whose home is in Toronto, is a Havergal old girl. At the age of sixteen she made her debut playing with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

Miss Ireland began her programme with a Toccata and Fugue by Bach. Her main composition was the Sonata in B flat minor by Chopin, which contains the very well-known "Funeral March." Miss Ireland also played the much-loved Listz "Liebestraum." The programme was a varied one, many selections being unfamiliar to us. This made the recital so interesting that after several encores, Miss Gillard was compelled to end our pleasant evening to avoid tiring our young entertainer. The recital was so delightful that we sincerely hope Miss Ireland will visit us again.

ANNE THORTON, VI B



### THE LIBRARY

There has been great enthusiasm for reading this year. The Library is open three nights a week when two members of the committee are on duty. The committee is made up of representatives from V A to Matric, with Dolly Ann Arnold in charge. At Christmas the Matrics gave up the weekly Library duty but the whole committee has worked hard at the end of each term to set the Library in order.

Our thanks are due to the many girls on the committee who gave up their time to make the Library a success.

JUDY MORTON, VI A

Judy Morton is to be congratulated for the efficient way she has carried out her work on the Library Committee this year. Thank you, Judy, for all your help, and best wishes for continued success as Head of the Library Committee next year.

DOLLY ANN ARNOLD

### THE POETRY CLUB

Keats said "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever" and this year a group of Matrics are finding this very true of poetry. Since Christmas we have met in the Library every Monday night. On these evenings Miss MacLennan has very kindly given her time to come and read to us. We have centred most of our attention on Modern Poetry although we find that many of our favourites are taken from Shelley, Tennyson and Keats. Occasionally we have listened to recordings of some of Shakespeare's plays, and recordings of Edna St. Vincent Millay reading her own poems. This club has given its fifteen or so members a great deal of pleasure while increasing our understanding and appreciation of poetry.

MARY ELLEN McDERMID, Matric

### THE RECITAL

On the evening of March 26 the pupils of Miss MacDonald and Miss McCleery gave their annual recital in the Prep. Hall. The performers, ranging in age from the youngest Junior to the most advanced Matric, played to a very appreciative audience. Greatly enjoyed on the same programme were Anne Henderson's vocal solos. Accompanied on the piano by Miss MacDonald, Anne sang four well-known classics, of which two were "Alleluja" and "The Tryst."

MARY FELLOWS, VI A

### THE CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

This year "I Can Hear it Now," an album of famous speeches from the last ten years, was lent to the Current Events Club by Miss Gillard. These records were extremely interesting especially as most of us know very little about the last war although we have lived through it. This hour, once a week, has kept us informed of the latest developments in the news and has given us a chance to discuss terms and treaties which puzzled us. Because we are living in a time when an intelligent understanding of current events is essential, it is important that we begin to be interested in world affairs in school. We would like to thank Miss Morris for continuing this club and stimulating our interest in the news while increasing our knowledge of it.

SANDRA WILSON, Matric

### MUSIC CLUB

Relaxation, comfort, and beautiful music—that is our Music Club. In our pyjamas we sink into the chairs around the gramophone, and prepare for the best hour of the whole week. In the first term we listened to many violin and piano concerts; in the second term, we heard a few Sonatas and music from some of the operas. At the end of each term, our requests were played for us. The new automatic gramophone allows the music teacher to relax, as well as the girls listening. We feel that our Music Club has increased our musical knowledge greatly and provided a necessary break from the rush and worry of school life. We thank you, Miss McCleery, for making this club possible.

JOY HARVEY, Matric



Magazine Committee



Library Committee



Antics on Ice



Nightmare !



A Confused Tangle !



Hitching a Ride



The Choir



It Tastes Good !



Peek-a-Boo !



## MATRIC ENTERTAINMENT

The school was amazed to receive invitations to a wedding late in October. Everybody had been trying to guess for weeks what the Matric Entertainment was going to be this year. They were even more surprised to step into the Prep Hall on the great night and find it unusually dressed up by curtains, bookcases, plants and cozy chairs—in fact it strangely resembled a living-room.

This year we depicted a girl's life as she grew up, came to King's Hall, and then got married. It was the eve of the wedding, and as tomorrow's bride sat in her room talking to her maid of honour she idly turned the pages of an old treasured scrap book which brought back many fond memories. Such great events as her first ballet, her first dancing class and her first day at school, were relived for her on the stage as she came to them in her scrapbook.

These flashbacks varied in type as much as possible. We tried to keep in mind the age in which our bride grew up. For instance the Charleston dance line, known better to the school as "x," and the silent movies, known better to the world as "the flicks," were both features of the bride's youth. The Negro spiritual was as serious as we hope the music Recital was funny. The flashbacks were relieved by returning to the bride and bridesmaid, who sat on a platform at the side of the stage, browsing through souvenirs, old programmes and letters.

The last scene was the wedding, opening with the minister saying, "I now pronounce you man and wife." Then the entire cast sang the theme song, "Through the Years," which was written by a friend of one of the girls and which we hope will become a school song. Instead of throwing her bouquet, the bride presented it to a "very special friend" among the guests—Miss Gillard. The audience joined the bridal party in the reception.

Needless to say, preparing this entertainment took much time, work and worry, but it was a success only because of everybody's willing co-operation. Everything ran like clockwork, each girl in charge efficiently planning and organizing. We took great pride in our costumes, especially those of the bride, bridesmaids, groom and ushers. We did not leave one stone unturned in making it a REAL wedding. We even had a cake and a photographer.

When mentioning the work done we must not omit the good time we had doing it. Not only

did we learn how to work together, but we learned how to pitch in and do the job well. The getting up at six o'clock on some of the last mornings was rather difficult, but whether swabbing the stage for the big night or hastily making costumes, we all had fun.

NAOMI SMITH, Matric



## THE VI A PLAY

On Saturday, May 13, the VI A's gave a delightful presentation of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." The presentation was for the school alone.

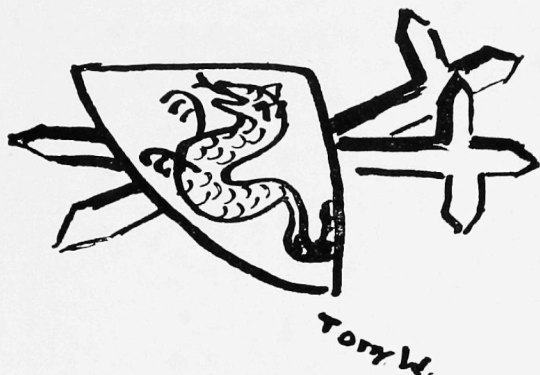
The period costumes, most of which were made by the girls themselves with the help of Miss Des-Rosiers, were really beautiful, while the scenery could not have been more effective. This was designed and constructed by Miss Inwood and a skilful committee of girls headed by Enid Goelet and Pamela Stewart.

Of course the characters are the most important part of a play. The leading roles of Mr. Hardcastle; his daughter, Kate; and her suitor, Marlow, were played by Margot Beaubien, Eve Gordon, and Mary Fellows. These girls showed genuine acting ability, as did all the other characters. Valerie Ross made a vigorous and convincingly mischievous Tony. The part of Mrs. Hardcastle was divided between Barbara Macintosh and Sarah Grant, both of whom interpreted it most amusingly. Robin Bocoek was a charming Constance, and Sally Sharwood, Mr. Hastings, her "most ardent admirer." Nancy Gilmour played Sir Charles Marlow with appropriate dignity. Very popular with the audience were the revellers at "The Jolly Pigeons," with their rollicking song taught them by Miss McCleery, their amazing dialects, and their Host, Barbara O'Halloran.

These young Sarah Bernhardts could not have accomplished all they did without the direction of Miss MacLennan, who spent much of her spare time rehearsing with them. Their hard work was certainly productive. Each girl in VI A had an active part in the play, whether on the stage or behind the scenes, and each one is to be congratulated on a truly fine performance.

JANE GORDON, Matric

The Director and VI A wish to thank Jane Gordon for her assistance in producing the play, especially in coaching individual actors.



### "THE SIEGE OF PING"

If you dared to peep through the Prep Hall key-hole on Sunday, March 26, a very strange sight would have met your eyes. At first it may have been a bit of a shock to see a mysterious group of Chinese bustling around, and apparently getting nowhere. Then you begin to see the light.

"This must be the VI B play!" you think.

"Yes, of course; why didn't I think of that before. From what I had heard, it was about angels. Someone at my table mentioned that they had lost the halos. Oh well, you never know what to believe.

There's Miss Inwood putting some sort of yellow paint on one of the players' faces. Now it's black paint she's using. I must admit they look like Chinese, though that one in the corner is enough to send shivers up and down your spine.

Oh, there's Miss Parfit! What could she be doing? It looks as if she's stitching up someone's costume, but I couldn't be sure.

On the other side of the room I can see Miss Hughes patiently listening to one of the actresses nervously saying her lines.

In the midst of all the confusion voices from downstairs can be heard.

"Here they come!" cried an excited player.

I soon found this was true, for some kind person opened the door and I fell headfirst into the room. I managed to get a good seat, anyway.

The Staff are in now and a hush falls over the noisy audience as the curtains open. The play is on!

No one lost her hat or sat in the fire while drinking her tea, and much to my surprise the play ended without mishap.

The actresses took their bows, and from what I heard afterwards, all agree that the play certainly had been fun to put on.

The VI B's thank Miss Parfit, Miss Hughes, and Miss Inwood for all they did for us.

TONY WILLIAMS, VI B

### THE DANCES

Our Thanksgiving week-end was brought to a climax when B.C.S. held their annual tea-dance on October 10. The school buses again went into action to take the girls over to B.C.S. where, what with an orchestra and an excellent supper, a good time was had by all; we would like to thank the boys of B.C.S. for inviting us.

On November 18, B.C.S. was invited to a dance at K.H.C. The school gym, thanks to Miss Inwood and the special art group, was beautifully decorated for this formal occasion to give the effect of South Pacific. Supper was served in the dining-room, and the dance ended at one o'clock. We hope it was a big success.

The Chalet Dance was held at B.C.S. on February 24, to this, a group of girls from the school was invited. There was dancing in the chalet, which had been decorated for the occasion, and after a brief pause for refreshments, the evening was concluded by singing and some more dancing.

ANNE PANGMAN, Matric

JEANNIE EVERETT, Matric



### THE SKATING PARTY

The great day had arrived. B.C.S. was giving a skating party, and at 8 o'clock, when the VI B's and VA's clambered into the waiting bus, skates over our shoulders, we hoped that our weeks of practice would not have been in vain.

When we finally arrived at B.C.S. the boys met us in the main hallway. We were led to a beautiful indoor rink, completely equipped; and with music too. The evening started off with a "Paul Jones," which, however, was none too successful on the ice. Later there was an elimination dance, and a knife and fork dance.

After about an hour of skating, we went back to the school and had cocoa and sandwiches. Then the boys showed us their form-rooms. Miss Morris and Miss Parfit, who had kindly offered to chaperone us, were extremely unpopular when they announced that the bus had arrived, but we got our coats, thanked the boys for a wonderful evening, and reluctantly started homeward (schoolward).

HEATHER ALLAN, VI B



## DRAMATICS

On Tuesday, November 22, the VI A's and Matrics went to St. George's Parish Hall in Lennoxville to see two one-act plays presented by U.B.C. The first one was J. M. Barrie's "Shall We Join the Ladies?" The atmosphere of tension, which is essential, was well established, and we were all sitting on the edge of our seats and trying to guess the identity of the murderer by the end.

Between the two plays was a very amusing recital by John Jordon, which we thoroughly enjoyed.

The second play was "The Land of Heart's Desire," by W. B. Yeats. This play had a very strange atmosphere which was accentuated by weird music from behind the scenes. We were particularly interested in this play because Judy Cate, an "old girl" of K.H.C. was in it. Good work, Judy! We loved seeing you again.

The next big event on our theatrical calendar was our annual trip to B.C.S. This year their masterpiece was "You Can't Take It With You" by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. The difficult leading role of the grandfather was acted superbly by Malcolm Evans, and the parts of all the girls were played so convincingly that sometimes our imaginations wandered far enough for us to believe that they were actually "one of us"! This idea is vetoed only by the Russians. Seriously though, every one of them should be congratulated for an excellent performance.

JANE GORDON, Matric



## "ICE SENSATIONS"

On Saturday, March 12, we went to Sherbrooke to see "Ice Sensations" starring Barbara Ann Scott. Barbara Ann skated several solos and pairs. All of them received great applause. In her first number she skated the "World Olympiad" that won her the Olympic Championships in 1948. Miss Scott skated a very appropriate number to "The Teddy Bears' Picnic." In "Showboat" she skated a pair with Jerry Rhefield. The solo Barbara Ann skated to "Because" was very graceful and smooth.

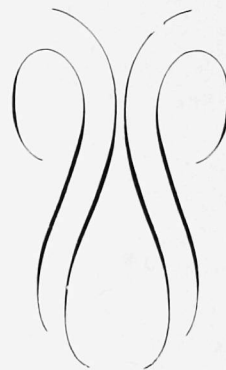
There were several comedies which included painting barns and dancing with balloons. All the numbers were appreciated by the eager on-lookers.

The acrobatic skating was supplied by Bob and Peggy White. They did two spectacular and breath-taking numbers.

There were several group numbers that exhibited graceful and smooth skating. The final group was the most effective. This number was an "Indian Legend" with Barbara Ann as the Indian princess.

Both the staff and the girls enjoyed the programme and we all appreciated the opportunity of attending "Ice Sensations."

GERTRUDE ROONEY, VI B



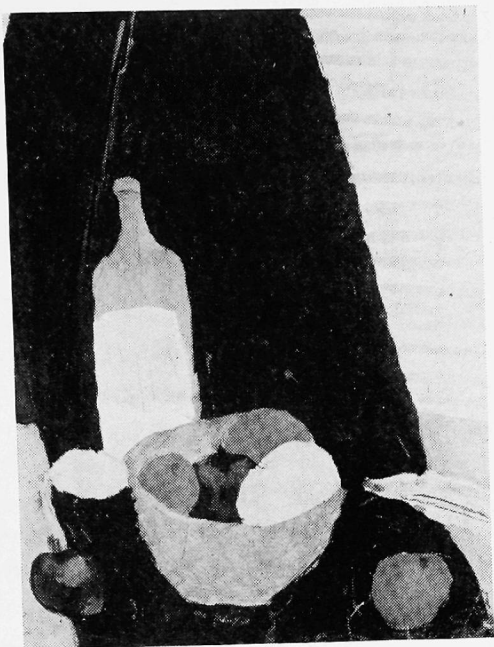
## SPECIAL ART REPORT

This year's Special Art classes, under the guidance of Miss Inwood, have been very enjoyable. During the first term the emphasis was on pencil drawing; in the second, on water colour, while in the last term we practiced both. Most of the VIA-Matric group plan to take their McGill exams in June.

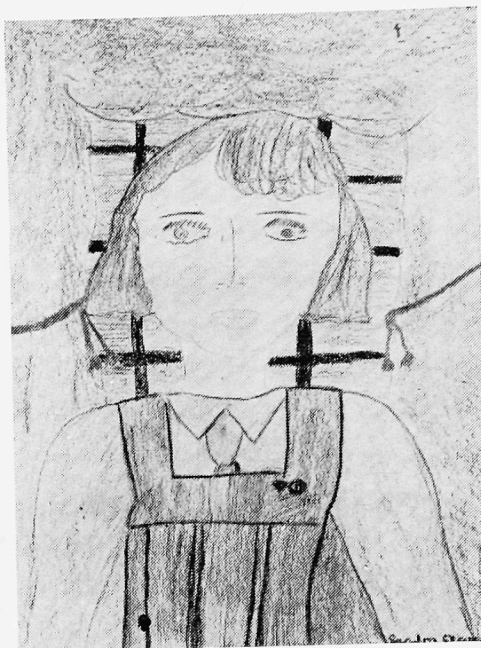
Decorations for the Hallowe'en party and also for the dance made a pleasant break in the term's work. Black spiders were the chief decoration on Hallowe'en, with the dining room door decked with devil and flames. Imaginations ran free when it came to making the exotic jungle flowers that were part of the "South Pacific" theme used in the decorations for the dance. The door of the gym was cleverly transformed into the door of a ship with a native peeping in through one of the round port-holes.

In concluding I should like to thank Miss Inwood very much on the part of the whole Special Art group for her interest and kind help during this year.

PAMELA STEWART, VI A



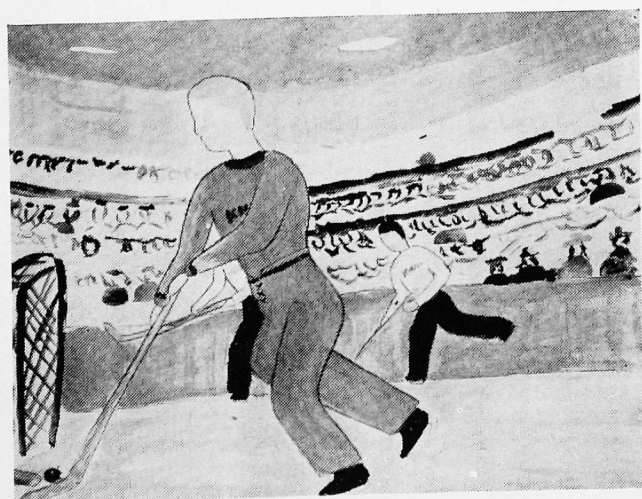
A. McNALLY, V B



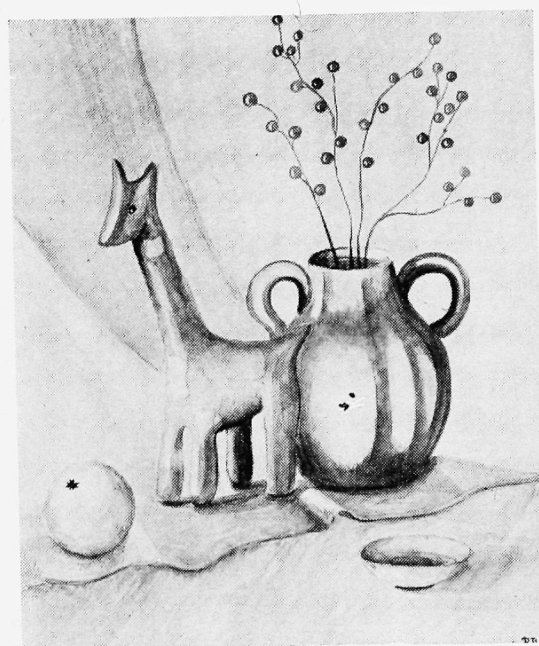
S. STEWART, IV A



A. COLEMAN, V A



M. HARRIS, VI B



P. STEWART, VI A

## House Reports

### MACDONALD HOUSE REPORT

Everybody was surprised when MacDonald came first in the Field Day last fall. No one was more surprised than the House itself. All the House then resolved to make this our year. We tied with the other two Houses in the soccer, but came first in the pluses and minuses at Christmas. This shows that MacDonald really can do well when it tries. The basketball teams showed very good sportsmanship and were well supported by the cheering of the rest of the House. The team put up an excellent fight, though we lost both games by one point. We feel that MacDonald has made a good showing this year, and proved that it really has that "house-spirit."

Thank you all for a most encouraging year. We wish the very best of luck to the House and its future Prefects.

KITTY EVANS  
NAOMI SMITH

### MONTCALM HOUSE REPORT

As we take off our pale blue ties for the last time we recall the many activities which the Montcalm girls have had during the past year.

In the first term all the girls showed their athletic abilities on the Sports Day. During the soccer season many girls played successfully on both School and House teams. Those who were not on the teams cheered enthusiastically throughout the games. In season the girls have tried their hand at the other sports such as tennis, badminton, swimming, skiing, and basketball.

Although the girls have not always succeeded in coming first they have worked hard and faithfully for the Work Shield. The Juniors have been most helpful by contributing many pluses each week.

We wish to thank all the girls on Montcalm for their unfailing co-operation and we know that the future Prefects will be as proud of you as we are.

PAT GRUCHY  
DEIRDRE MOLSON

### RIDEAU HOUSE REPORT

The girls on Rideau in the past years have always had enthusiastic house spirit; this year has been no exception. In all the fields of activity, they have joined in cheerful co-operation, and in so doing, have helped to make 1950 a year to be remembered. We have enjoyed competing for the Sports and Work Shields, a competition which included happy and amusing times. The Juniors showed a great deal of keen interest, and Rideau is proud of their co-operation.

As your Prefects, we would like to thank you, Rideau, for having made this year such a prosperous one, a year we shall never forget. Goodbye, and the best of luck to you and the Prefects of the future.

WILLA OGILVIE and JOAN ROBB





### VI A FORM

This year a tiny youngster arrived at King's Hall and caught the affection not only of every girl in the school, but of the Staff also. Her name is Victoria, but she is more commonly known as "Vicky." Now Vicky has not shyly hidden herself in a room away from us all. Oh, no!! I am sure that Vicky knows as much about us as we do about each other. Let us ask her to describe one of her eventful afternoons on the VI A corridor. We quote her exact words:

"It was on a Saturday afternoon during visiting hours that I decided to take a stroll down the VI A corridor. I started from the front stairs and majestically waddled down the hall. Suddenly a slight gust of wind blew a mass of soft fuzz in my face. Startled, I backed away, but then summoned enough courage to peek around a half-opened door. Much to my relief I saw only Liz, the VI A Form Captain, cutting Jeanie's hair for the second time that day! Nearby sat Wiggle, the clown of VI A, happily amusing herself by catching the flying hairs. Hiding a smile, I wandered on, but quickly ducked as Mary Mitchell came racing past me.....on her hands! Closely following her, on their feet, waltzed Kathy and Sheila, both heavily laden with record albums. As I scampered past room 19, my ears nervously quivered at the terrible racket going on inside. Suddenly the door burst open, and out crashed Fry.....glasses first. Creeping in unnoticed I stood in horrified amazement at the sight which greeted me. In the centre of the room stood Claire, proudly modelling one of her many school sweaters. A group of girls stood about her, mechanically covering their eyes and, from the look on their faces, I was thankful that I was born colour-blind. Over in the corner sat Lal, pouring over *Jane Eyre*, while Eve unsuccessfully tried to imitate the raving lunatic as fast as Lal was describing him. Sue and Enid with their effective giggles, and Babs and Anne Boright with hanging mouths and popping eyes, accompanied this terrifying drama.

I rushed out of that room as fast as my wee legs could carry me, until I came upon Pam Pasmore feverishly trying to pick up those lost stitches in her knitting. She offered to pat my head, but I quickly left, knowing that I still had "Sleepy Hollow" to wade through. The first figure I saw there was Val racing down the hall with books flying in all directions. Judy, Sal and Margot were doggedly trying to ballet to "Brazil," while Sarah, in exasperation, explained to Mary for the tenth time that the penguin tale was perfectly

true. Assuring myself that the worst was over, I courageously marched by Anne Henderson's room, but what were those strange noises coming from its interior? My curiosity getting the better of me, I slid in silently. There sat Anne herself, trying her new, original laugh. It sounded to me like a hen's cackle, except that it started on high B and ended on the B above that! Competing with her were Barby and Stewey, both in fits of laughter, and both with tears streaming down their cheeks. Hurriedly I made my exit, and peered into the next room, only to find Robin and Patsy examining the peculiar bulging eyes of Robin's fish! Jean Chaplin popped in for a moment, munching her daily apple, and I followed every movement she made, in the hope that she might drop a piece. Drew and Nan wandered by ready to snap someone.....with their flash-bulb cameras, while Di came steaming down from her Saturday bath.

Suddenly I heard a peculiar swishing noise above me; I looked up only to see the dismayed expression on Joan Donald's face as the whole contents of her writing case landed on top of me! With a startled yelp I scampered off to Ma'mselle's room, wondering, on the way, if all the other forms at King's Hall were like VI A."

I would like to take this opportunity, on behalf of the class, of telling Miss Macdonald how much we have appreciated her interest in us as a group, and of assuring her that without her help and guidance we would not have had such a successful year as we have just completed.

MARY FELLOWS, VI A

### VI B FORM

There goes the second bell for bed and here comes Drum. She dashes up the stairs fully dressed, gasps her excuse to Miss Parfit, who is on duty, and stumbles into her room. Along the VI B corridor there is "chaos." Shippy and Hendy run aimlessly back and forth pursued by Reid, who tries to lasso them with a posture sling. Co-co and Nona are engaged in a "knock down drag out" battle about the lizard Nona found in her apple-pie bed. Across the hall, Roge, VI B's gift to Broadway, and her room-mate Heather Allan are seen acting a dramatic scene from the movie on Saturday, while Gemmy, Siri, Ruth and Sue Angus, who have come upstairs to visit, form an appreciative (judging from the sound) audience. We walk a little further down the corridor and encounter a small flood resulting from the sincere efforts of Izzie to drown Raquel in the bathtub.

Myrne and Val, ignoring this, splash happily through, doing the polka, and knocking over Mary and Bobo who are practising ballet at the radiator. For accompaniment Thumper and Lucas are trying to work out a harmony for "Don't cry Joe," and the results are not overly harmonic. However, Jane is coming to the rescue by drowning them out with her rendition of "Land of Hope and Glory." This is interrupted as Tony races up the fire-escape screaming for Scott and Shirley who have left the form room untidy.

During this time Cynn timer and Margaret have been calmly having a quiet meal consisting of candy brought back from Montreal and oranges from breakfast. They also have an appreciative audience, as one would suspect. Sue and Peggy are practising chin-ups at the door while presenting an endless stream of arguments to the effect that they should have a share of the candy.

Suddenly Miss Parfit appears from the other end of the corridor, and everyone dashes for her room and scuttles into bed. Anne English reads madly so as to finish her book before the lights are turned off. Everything is finally quiet, except for a few sleepy whispers.

Miss Parfit, patient as always, goes around and turns off our lights with a characteristic cheerful smile. Understanding and willing to help whenever possible, she and our various form captains have helped to make our VI B year successful as well as great fun.

NEVILLE ROBINSON, VI B

### THE MEMORABLE DAYS OF V A

Shouting echoed down the hall,  
As each girl did her room-mate call.  
Trunks were scattered here and there,  
"First day of School" was in the air.  
Gaily decked forms floated by.  
We V A's surely were not shy.  
Everyone gave to us a glance.  
Where were we going?—To Bishop's Tea Dance.  
Dagwood, Blondie, Cookie, and all,  
Even the pups went to this great ball.  
The strangest figures could be seen  
In our gym on Hallowe'en.  
Gracefully we came down stairs,  
Our minds completely free from cares.  
The boys arrived dressed in their best.  
This was the formal—You know the rest.  
Miss DesRosiers, who was in a kind mood,  
Helped us all to prepare the food.  
With Santa all ready to "pop" down the flues,  
This was the party we gave for Miss Hughes.

Winter came a little bit late,  
And brought with it the ice to skate.  
The ski-hill was crowded with girls full of zest,  
And Miss Hammer was present to give each her test.  
Our June exams came all too fast,  
And all are ready to leave school at last.  
Now that it's over, we're happy as larks,  
But that isn't all—there still are the marks!  
The sun was shining clear and bright  
As the girls went to Church, attired in white.  
There was laughter, singing, and even a tear,  
But the Closing ended a wonderful year.

DOROTHY JOHNSTONE, V A  
ANN CAMERON, V A



### THE VB'S

This year, our form has been very successful. We are a small group, seven in number, three new girls, Olivia Rorke, Ann McNally and Di Williams, and four old girls. The old girls welcomed the new ones warmly. We have jolly times together. Barbie amuses us greatly with funny limericks, which are on the tip of her tongue all the time. Di interests us in sculpturing and art. Ann Shields, from South America, who is a book-worm, keeps us up to date with entertaining parts from different books. Meredith, who likes farms, keeps us nourished with her father's apples. Olivia very patiently tries to educate us about tropical fish, but doesn't succeed. However, she also keeps us happy with her jokes. Ann McNally, youngest in our group, is very keen on sports. Shirley-Ann is tons of fun and we enjoy having her in our form.

Our system of changing form captains every term is a good one. During the Christmas term Ann Shields was our form captain and during the Easter term Barbara Hyman was elected.

Every Saturday morning Miss Ramsay, our Form Mistress, takes Red Cross with us. We enjoy this hour very much in which we make Hallowe'en, Christmas, Valentine and Easter favours for sick boys and girls in hospitals. We are very thankful to have Miss Ramsay devote all her Saturday mornings to us.

Mademoiselle Collins helped us to put on a French play for Miss Gillard. We enjoyed rehearsing it very much.

We would like to thank Mrs. Watt who looks after us upstairs. Every night she is waiting to put us to bed. She has been very kind and helpful. We would like to thank Miss Ramsay for being so kind and patient with us throughout the year.

ANN McNALLY, V B



## VI A

Front Row: P. Pasmore, J. Morton, R. Bocoock, B. Macintosh.  
 Middle Row: J. Donald, L. Creery, D. Drew, W. Price, A. Boright.  
 Back Row: D. Taylor, J. Lindsey, S. Teakle, J. Fry, S. Wigle, E. Gordon.



## VI A

Front Row: M. Mitchell, P. Monaghan, C. Faulkner, A. Henderson, S. Grant.  
 Middle Row: K. Harvey, M. Beaubien, S. Sharwood, S. Bulman, V. Ross, J. Chaplin.  
 Back Row: E. Goelet, N. Gilmour, M. Fellows, P. Stewart, B. O'Halloran.



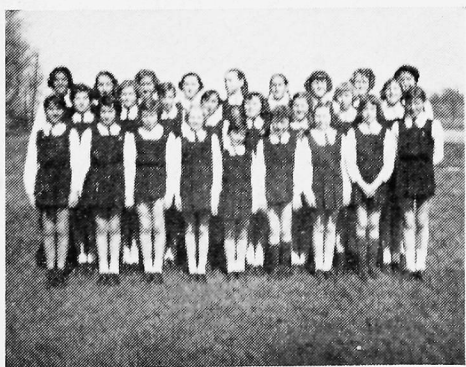
## VI B

Front Row: M. Gilmour, B. Shipman, B. Drummond, R. Chonchol.  
 Middle Row: A. Henderson, M. Reid, S. Strom, M. Harris, M. Ogilvie.  
 Back Row: T. Williams, A. Thornton, H. Allan, S. Minnes, H. Rogers, N. Robinson.



## VI B

Front Row: J. Townsend, G. Rooney, C. Molson, A. Lucas.  
 Middle Row: S. Scott, S. Angus, N. Hopper, P. Ross, I. FitzGerald.  
 Back Row: A. English, V. Gill, S. Oulton, J. Gemmill.



## V B and JUNIORS

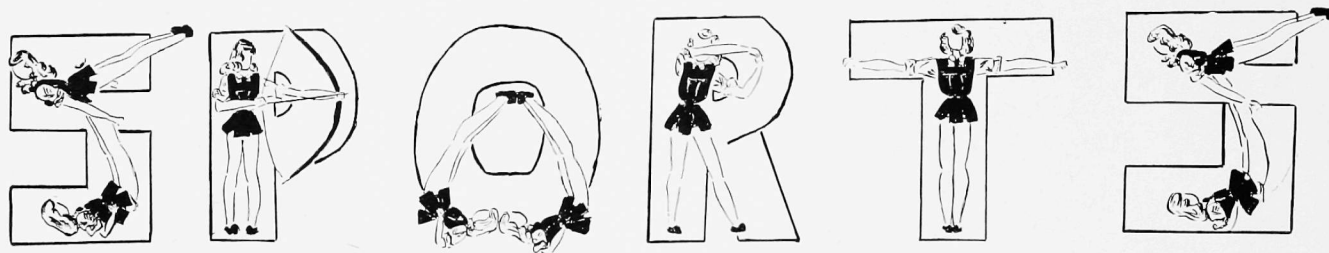
Front Row: S. Grier, S. Smith, S. Stewart, C. Bailey, J. Mitchell, J. Perron, S. Vickers, W. Smith, T. Mitchell.  
 Middle Row: B. Hyman, J. Woods, A. Rawlings, D. Angus, J. Gordon, J. Northey, S. Cuthbertson, J. St. George.  
 Back Row: D. Williams, A. Shields, R. Caridi, A. McNally, L. Ward, S. Ward, S. A. Downs, O. Rorke, M. Chaplin.



## V A

Front Row: A. Gordon, S. Gray, J. Henderson, J. Jellett, A. Cameron, F. Bogert, V. Garland.  
 Middle Row: D. Johnstone, P. Ovans, J. Parsons, P. Hunt, D. Turner, S. Bieler, G. Caridi, S. Gordon.  
 Back Row: A. Coleman, G. Hebden, K. Molson, J. Sheard, L. Gordon, H. Anderson, P. Dawkins, P. Ellis.





### SPORTS CAPTAIN'S REPORT

How many times have we been told, "To play sports, be a good sport"? Have you ever stopped to consider what this means? Good sportsmanship, teamwork, practice and a strong competitive spirit are essential factors in making a successful team in any game. This year a strong competitive spirit has existed in the school. The gym, soccer field and tennis courts have been continually occupied by enthusiastic competitors.

Soon after we arrived back at school in September soccer practices started under the direction of Miss Keyzer. Inter-form and house games were played. The highlights of the soccer season were the two games with Stanstead and the one with the B.C.S. Prep School. At all games our teams were strongly upheld by the lusty shouts of the cheerleaders.

Those who were not on the soccer teams played baseball and Danish games under the supervision of Miss Hammer.

One Saturday afternoon in the fall term the Matrics organized a Field Day. Many different races were run, such as potato races, sack races, an obstacle race, and relays.

We were extremely fortunate in having Mrs. Swanwick, an English tennis professional, come to us in October. Her lessons were a great help to all and we were left with plenty to practise.

Because we had no snow during the first few weeks of the winter term all sports in January were confined to the gym. Many of the volleyball and basketball games were played then.

In February the snow was eagerly welcomed by many enthusiastic skiers who spent the afternoons on the hill. Tests were taken, a large number of girls passing their B. Several trips to Hillcrest were organized for the B skiers; these trips were thoroughly enjoyed.

During the year the swimming pool has been in continual use, and two inter-form meets were held. As Miss Hammer gave a series of swimming lessons, the swimming and diving throughout the school has improved greatly.

The summer term was devoted particularly to finishing the basketball games and to playing the tennis and badminton tournaments. We were very fortunate in having Miss Robertson, another tennis professional, to give us lessons.

Thanks are due to Miss Keyzer and Miss Hammer for all the time they have spent refereeing the games.

There is definitely a great deal of athletic ability in the school. One feels sure that the sports in the future will be successful if each girl does her part, always keeping firmly in mind the motto, "To play sports, be a good sport."

CYNTHIA HANDS,  
Sports Captain



### TENNIS REPORT

This October we were pleased to welcome back Mrs. Swanwick, the tennis pro, from England, whose visit last year was such a success. As the weather was excellent during the whole week of her stay, we were able to have all the lessons on the outside courts, where we were coached in groups of four, each girl having six lessons.

Before playing any actual games, we were taught both the backhand and forehand grips, and then the foot positions. At the end of the six lessons we were given notes containing helpful pointers. Everyone benefited from Mrs. Swanwick's skilful advice. We all sincerely hope that she will be back next year.

SARAH GRANT, VI A

## SOCCKER REPORT

This year the girls from all forms, with Miss Keyzer coaching them, were enthusiastically kicking the soccer ball from one to another and finally into the goal. As the weather was unusually good we played until late November.

Our season began with a series of Form games, each form playing all the others. The Matrics won every game, although the younger forms showed excellent fight. Outstanding were Peta Hunt, Katie Molson, and Suzie Gordon of VA, and many of VI A; Jane Townsend of VI B and Enid Goelet of VI A deserve special credit for their excellent work in the goals. The position of goaler is a bit difficult to fill, but Enid and Jane contributed a great deal to their teams by stopping some pretty fast balls.

After all the Form games were finished we had another set of games between the Houses; Montcalm was the winner of these. As the weather was still in our favour, we played a few later games—the Blonds against the Brunettes, the Montrealers against the rest of the world, and the Lower and Upper Corridors against each other. Still eager for soccer, the Senior school team played the Prep School boys of B.C.S. The boys, although half the size of some of the girls, wound their way around the field to such advantage that they won a victory of 4-0.

The most important matches were those played against Stanstead. These are reported elsewhere.

Miss Keyzer has produced a number of spectacular players this year, with many others on the way. We feel that this has been a very successful year in every way, and many thanks are due to Miss Keyzer.

## SCORES

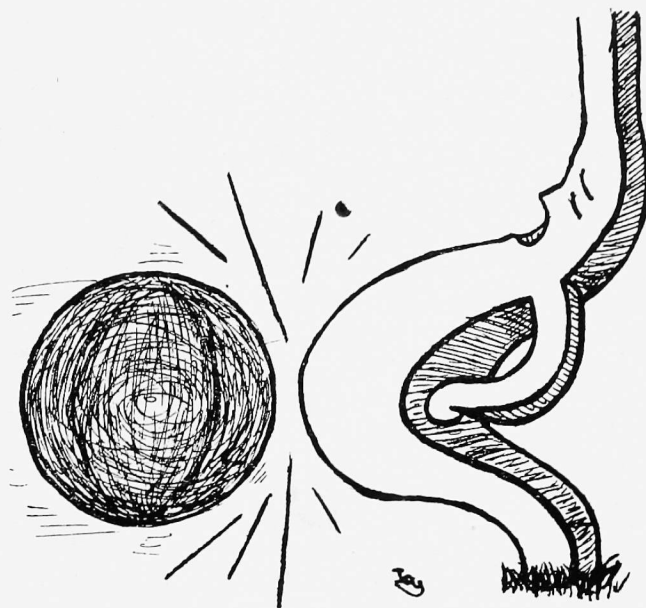
### FORM GAMES

|         |    |     |     |
|---------|----|-----|-----|
| Matric. | vs | VA  | 6-0 |
| VIA     | vs | VIB | 0-0 |
| VIA     | vs | VA  | 4-0 |
| Matric. | vs | VIB | 2-0 |
| Matric. | vs | VIA | 0-0 |
| VIB     | vs | VA  | 6-0 |

### HOUSE GAMES

|           |    |           |     |
|-----------|----|-----------|-----|
| Montcalm  | vs | MacDonald | 4-2 |
| Montcalm  | vs | Rideau    | 6-0 |
| MacDonald | vs | Rideau    | 6-0 |

JEAN LINDSEY, VI A



## THE GAME WITH STANSTEAD

For me the Saturday was just like any other sunny day and two-thirty that afternoon was the same as two-thirty any day, except that I noticed a colour foreign to the field on which I stood. Girls were running about trying to kick the ball, but somehow managing to kick each other most of the time, and some of them were wearing red sweaters—yes, imagine, red on a field where only blue and gold should be seen. I had seen red only a few times in my life and that was when Stanstead had come over to play Compton, so I gathered that this was the annual game. Yes, my fears were confirmed; the sides of the field were lined with benches on which sat the crowds of cheering spectators.

Then the whistle blew. My keeper was pacing back and forth in front of me, gazing anxiously at the ball. (In case you get the wrong impression from this, I'm not a convict, but the goal!) The teams surged back and forth, up and down the field, kicking my poor friend, the ball, all over the place. The ball came dangerously close to my end of the field, closer and closer. Suddenly a figure in red loomed before me. The honour of the Blue and the Gold was at stake, or should I say at goal? My keeper stood tense, expectant. A figure in red kicked the ball with all her might, beyond the reach of my keeper. I decided to sacrifice anything rather than let the ball go in, and lent my right post for the occasion. Needless to say, the ball bounced off me and gave me great pain, chipping and bruising me, but I smiled through my tears as the ball rebounded past the centre and the

Blue and the Gold got a goal at the other end of the field.

At half-time the Stanstead goaler came down to my goal and I wasn't very pleased to have her there. My bruise kept hurting more and more and anger rose within my heart of wood. For a while most of the action took place near the centre of the field. Girls were falling everywhere and when the three-quarter-time whistle blew, the Blue and the Gold's staunch full-back limped off the field and was replaced by a sturdy sub. Then the whistle blew again and the struggle continued. With only three minutes left I thrilled at the sight of the brave Blue and Golds pressing courageously forward. I was still angry at the Stanstead team, and being of course loyal to the Blue and the Gold, I stretched or rather leaned ever so slightly to one side, just to make sure the ball went in—and it did! Back to the centre they went and there was another kick-off. In a few seconds the ball was at my end again and it was heaved upward by a mighty kick. I stretched once more, this time towards the sky. *Just to make sure!* Just as the ball sailed through, the whistle blew, and the game ended with the Blue and the Gold victorious, and so everyone was happy and I was feeling rather proud of myself for the part I had played in winning. You understand, of course, that no one knows what I did, and I'm sure that you'll keep this between you and the goal posts and never breathe a word to another soul!

Written by the goal at the right end of the field with a little help from CLAUDE OAKS, Matric

### THE SOCCER GAME AT STANSTEAD

On Tuesday, November 1, the King's Hall, junior and senior soccer teams, comprising about twenty-five girls, went over to Stanstead for the annual game.

At three o'clock the senior teams were in their places ready to start the game. The whistle blew and the game had begun. Stanstead took us by surprise with a goal fairly early in the first quarter. However, in the second quarter our team kicked a goal which tied the score. While we rested at half time, the junior teams played the first two quarters of their game. At the end of the afternoon the senior team was victorious with two goals to Stanstead's one. However, the junior team was beaten.

After a very good supper at Stanstead, the teams returned home, having played strenuous and exciting games.

DEIRDRE MOLSON, Matric.

### THE TRIPS TO HILLCREST

"Who can lend me some tow mitts?" was the cry just before the bus left on each of the three afternoons we went to Hillcrest.

The procedure was the same on each occasion. Skiers and skis having been packed into the bus, the skiers are off amid the farewells of those who are staying behind. After about a three-quarter-of-an-hour ride, the bus arrives and everyone tumbles out. When the tow tickets have been bought we are off for an afternoon's good skiing. Some find the tows a new experience while others are quite at home upon them. There is a wonderful choice of hills and trails. At the end of the afternoon everyone is rounded up and directed to the snack bar where a feast of cocoa and sandwiches is waiting.

Once more in the bus, but this time homeward bound, all the girls raise their voices in loud cheers for Miss Keyzer and the other mistresses who have taken them to Hillcrest for such a marvellous afternoon.

PAMELA STEWART, VI A



### THE SWIMMING MEET

On November 14 we had our first Swimming Meet of the school year. To make it a little different from other years, VI A put on a water ballet to start things off. All the forms, from the Juniors to the Matrics, sent representatives to compete in the crawl, the side stroke, the back-stroke and the breast stroke. All the races were limited to one length of the pool, and were usually very close. The two top forms had a relay race which turned out to be very funny. To represent each form were ten girls, five of whom went to each end of the pool. The two first girls were given a pair of pyjamas which they had to put on; then they must swim to the other end, take off the pyjamas and give them to the next girl, and so on. Soon the pyjamas were in such shreds that nothing remained except an arm, a leg and a few rags. Being very wet and very small they were extremely difficult to get on and off, although it was soon discovered that bits of them kept floating away in the water.

There was also a diving contest in which every class sent someone to do a fancy dive. Each form was given points for what it won; when the marks were added up it was found that the Matrics were the winners.

MARGOT BEAUBIEN, VI A

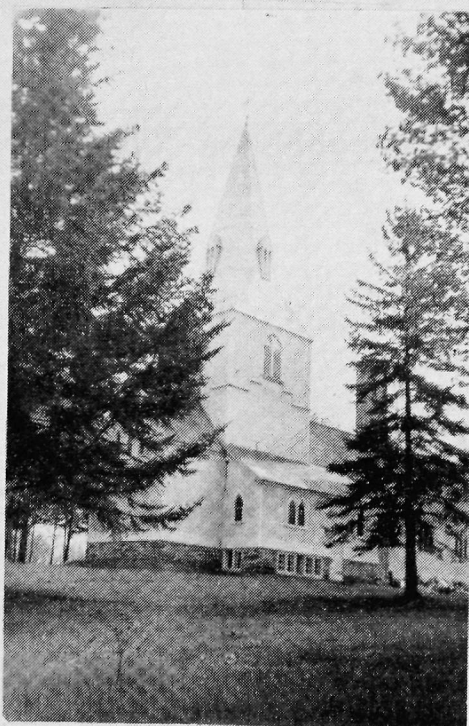




In Coaticook woods



Time to retire



St. James' Church



Going up?



The obstacle race



Lights out!



The Big Game

## BASKETBALL

This winter with bad weather and very little snow, there were many afternoons spent in practising basketball, supervised by Miss Keyzer and Miss Hammer. Finally the actual games began and they were all played off within a month.

The Form games were played first, and soon afterwards the House games began. The results are as follows:

|                |    |
|----------------|----|
| Rideau.....    | 14 |
| vs             |    |
| MacDonald..... | 10 |
| Rideau.....    | 14 |
| vs             |    |
| Montcalm.....  | 10 |
| Montcalm.....  | 13 |
| vs             |    |
| MacDonald..... | 12 |

This leaves Rideau victorious as they have won both games that they played.

All in all, the basketball this year has been very well organized. We congratulate Rideau, and we hope that next year the games will be equally exciting.

EVE GORDON, VI A

## VOLLEYBALL

This is the first school year in which we have played Volleyball seriously. The games were played in the gym on days that were not suitable for out-door sports. We had House games, Form games, and a game against the Staff. This last game provided a great deal of excitement and amusement. The games were so arranged that every girl had a chance to play at least once. The Volleyball was greatly enjoyed this year, and has added a new sport to our list.

## RESULTS

|          |              |           |      |
|----------|--------------|-----------|------|
| Matric   | vs VI B      | Matric    | won. |
| Matric   | vs VI A      | VI A      | won. |
| VI A     | vs VA, VB    | VI A      | won. |
| Matric   | vs VA        | Matric    | won. |
| Rideau   | vs MacDonald | Rideau    | won. |
| Montcalm | vs MacDonald | Montcalm  | won. |
| Rideau   | vs Montcalm  | Rideau    | won. |
| Staff    | vs Girls     | the Girls | won. |

MARY MITCHELL, VI A





Literary



## THE THOUGHT WAS THERE

Winter was breaking; there was no doubt about it. There was a feeling of spring in the air, and Mrs. Murphy felt it keenly as she hummed to herself and shook the mop out the bedroom window. In fact, she felt it so keenly that she put her head out the window with the mop, and together they watched the icicles dripping from the eaves onto the garden below. It seemed as though all winter were melting away in the lovely warm sun....

Mrs. Murphy decided that she had done enough loafing, withdrew her head and the mop reluctantly from the window, and went downstairs.

The kitchen was Mrs. Murphy's pride and joy. It was the only place in the house that she was able to keep tidy. This was because she had firmly laid down the rule that nobody but Mrs. Murphy (and occasionally Mr. Murphy, if he wanted to help his wife do the dishes) could go in. Both Mr. Murphy and the children were very willing to adhere to this rule (Mrs. Murphy could never quite figure out why) and so consequently the kitchen was spotless. No dirty fingermarks appeared all over the walls as in the front hall. Mrs. Murphy did not know what to do about the front hall. No matter how hard she scrubbed the walls, the fingerprints stayed on like glue—she had tried everything. Mrs. Murphy sighed and put the roast in the oven. Children! How she missed them all while they were at school. She always said to her husband that she would miss them when they all "up and left her," and now they were still awfully small and she missed them even when they were away from her for two hours. Mrs. Murphy shook herself, muttered something aloud about mother's apron strings, and opened a cook-book.

Mrs. Murphy adored cook-books. She could sit and read them for hours on end. Once, when she was in her early 'teens, Mrs. Murphy could remember that the family doctor had told her to cut down on desserts—and so Mrs. Murphy had cut down—it was a hard job—and as a hobby had started making a scrapbook of delicious recipes and pictures of food instead. Mrs. Murphy loved food—especially ice cream. When they were first married, Mr. Murphy had told her in a teasing way that ice cream was rather a silly thing to be so fond of, and Mrs. Murphy put him in his proper place when she told him that he was silly and she was fond of him, so why couldn't she be fond of ice cream?

Mrs. Murphy chuckled to herself and turned the pages to pies. Mr. Murphy just loved a good apple pie, and Mrs. Murphy felt that he deserved one as he had made her birthday so nice last Wednesday—that birthday! Mr. Murphy had made her a birthday cake and some of her favourite ice cream—of course the cake didn't turn out but she had eaten it anyway. Mr. Murphy was such a nice husband, thought Mrs. Murphy. He was so tall and thin and—well, nice. He was such a comfortable kind of man, who smoked a pipe and liked fires in the huge old fireplace. Mrs. Murphy suddenly wondered what on earth she would do without him.

She decided to make him an apple pie.

As Mrs. Murphy peeled the apples, she thought of her children. She had only four, but there always seemed to be so many more—she was always tripping over them because they were so small, and they always brought so many friends into the house that sometimes Mrs. Murphy could not figure out which were hers and which were not. Mrs. Murphy was awfully proud of her four boys—she adored little boys and was so glad she'd never had any little girls; of course Mr. Murphy always said he wanted a little girl, but secretly Mrs. Murphy thought that he too was awfully glad his children were all boys, for, thought Mrs. Murphy, men are all so proud of themselves....

Mrs. Murphy put the pie in the oven and went into the living-room to relax on the sofa before lunch. She considered she had done enough thinking for one morning, and of course, it was spring, too....

Mr. Murphy had got out of work early that day, and had gone to the public school to pick up his four boys. Mr. Murphy was awfully proud of his boys—he loved little boys and was glad he'd never had any little girls. It was a good thing, because Mrs. Murphy didn't like them either—but sometimes Mr. Murphy secretly thought that she'd always wanted a little girl, although she would never admit it. But little boys were really wonderful, thought Mr. Murphy, eying his offspring jumping in the neighbours' flower beds, and he wouldn't trade one of them for a girl—never.

When Mr. Murphy had finally guided the boys to the house in one way or another, he found Mrs. Murphy asleep on the living-room sofa. Mr. Murphy was a little concerned at first, but then

decided that she was all right, and took up his newspaper. The boys stayed out in the garden, and Mr. Murphy thought it a wonder that Mrs. Murphy was not woken up by the screams and yells issuing from the garden. Mr. Murphy shuddered to think of the flowerbeds.

Mrs. Murphy woke up suddenly with a little shriek, and with a surprised cry of "George!" she leapt up, kissed her husband, and rushed into the kitchen.

"It's so late," thought Mrs. Murphy, "and here I was sleeping all the time. George must think I'm dreadful."

All thumbs, Mrs. Murphy got the lunch ready.

The children were summoned, somewhat forcibly, from the garden, scrubbed clean, and given generous portions of roast beef. Mr. Murphy always carved, in spite of his wife's protests; he always gave Mrs. Murphy the rare meat. Mrs. Murphy loved rare beef—she liked it "blue," as she had often told horrified guests—"right off the cow," as Mr. Murphy put it—and Mrs. Murphy agreed.

Mrs. Murphy opened the oven and brought out the pie—and then hastily put it back in again. She sat on the garbage pail for a few seconds, with a horrified expression on her face. The pie was black—burnt, and she'd never smelt it.

"These modern stoves," thought Mrs. Murphy, "are smell-proof too—" and then she burst out laughing.

She had spent all morning making the pie, put all the loving care possible into it—all gone to waste.

"Well," thought Mrs. Murphy, "I can't sit on the garbage pail all day, I suppose."

At that moment, Mr. Murphy came in, wondering what his wife could have found so interesting in the kitchen, took one look at the pie and one at his loving wife, and then he said "Apple pie?" in a soft, wistful voice.

"No," said Mrs. Murphy sadly, "the bad result of good intentions."

Mr. Murphy smiled and kissed her on the top of her head; then he called.

"Come on, boys, and help me do the dishes."

And for once the children (and Mr. Murphy) were willing to enter the forbidden sanctuary, the kitchen.

ANNE PANGMAN, Sr. Matric

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I'VE EVER SEEN

High above the mountain trail and winding stream we hung, suspended in mid-air by a mere piece of rope. My father and I were ascending by chair tow one of the ski mountains in Laconia, New Hampshire. What an experience! Then I knew what it must feel like to be a bird, soaring high above the cares and worries of human life. The air was crisp and clear, the sky was a deep blue, and the sun was shining brightly.

Over to the right we could see the tiny images of people skiing down the open slopes of Gilford. To the left were clumps of dark evergreens bent over with the weight of new-fallen snow as if they were workers carrying heavy loads upon their backs. Just below, a clear mountain spring bubbled and laughed as it danced down the mountain sides over rocks and crevices. Higher and higher we crept. From time to time Daddy would call back from the swinging chair ahead to notice the height. We could see birds flitting about among the trees below. The hollow drilling of a woodpecker resounded from far off through the stillness which seemed to cover the earth like a blanket. The higher we climbed the more we became aware of this eternal silence. Just then I caught sight of the tip-top house where the chair tow comes to an end! In a few minutes our short ride through the sky would be over. Clutching my poles in one hand and the chair in the other, I gave the final leap to the ground. Never had I experienced such excitement, but the best was yet to come. As we skied around the first clump of evergreens the most beautiful sight I have ever seen came into view. Far below us across the tips of the dark evergreens, contrasted against the whiteness of the snow, was the icy blue lake of Winnepesaukee.

The air was still and all was quiet except for the occasional call of a bird. The lake lay at the bottom of the mountain as if it were sleeping. The clear blueness of the sky was contrasted against the white snow-covered ice. Dark evergreens surrounded the lake like a frame on the sides of a painting. In the background purple hills arose from the midst of the lake and towered high above it in an effort to reach the sky. A hushed silence fell over our group.

JEAN EVERETT, Matric

## THE CHINA CLOCK

A small blue china clock with buttercups painted on it sat on the bedside table. Its tick was lively and gay like the sound of a puppy's claws on a tile floor. The alarm could hardly be called an alarm because it sounded like sleigh bells tinkling on a frosty night. In every way it was a delightful clock; in every way Miriam's had been a delightful life.

The clock had been a birthday present on her tenth birthday from her grandmother, a dainty white-haired old lady who had died seven years before. Miriam always remembered Gran as she was the day she had given her the clock.

Sitting in a petipoint chair by the bay window in a patch of sunlight she had said, "I hope the small clocks ticks off as many full and happy years as I have been given, my darling. Never forget, child, that life is full of happiness waiting to be found."

Life had been full of happiness. The clock had ticked off ten years, each more perfect than the last. It had wakened her one Christmas morning to find a tiny puppy in a box beside her bed. The blue clock had announced the arrival of the bright and beautiful Sunday morning on which Miriam had walked to church with her Mother and Father to be confirmed. Every tuck and dart that was put into Miriam's first evening dress of white organdy had been carefully observed from the bedside table while every line of the high school play was engraved on the clock's heart; it had heard them repeated before the mirror so often. Miriam excited about her first football game; Miriam solemnly whispering her deepest secrets to Cate, her best friend; Miriam with a determined twist to her mouth when an Algebra problem escaped her, or Miriam with stars in her eyes the first time she had been kissed—the little clock knew every Miriam; knew them and loved them all.

That is, every Miriam except the one lying pale and motionless on the bed now. The face twisted with pain and the clenched hands were a new Miriam—one the pretty little clock could not understand. This morning everything had been so gay because to-morrow was Miriam's wedding day; yet now the room was solemn and quiet. Mr. Kinley kept running his hands through his hair. Mrs. Kinley's eyes were so full of pain that the clock could not look at them.

"Dr. Marks, please, please tell me. Can she live? Is there any chance? I have to know."

Mrs. Kinley's agonized whisper broke the silence of the room. Miriam moved slightly and the doctor turned his attention to her.

"Grace, wouldn't it be better to wait? Dr. Marks can't tell for certain yet. Please come and rest."

Mr. Kinley's voice held all the sorrow that was in his heart.

"No, Michael. He *can* tell. It's better for me to know. Please tell me." Her voice was quiet, controlled and dead. Both their eyes were fixed intently on Dr. Marks' face, trying to read his thoughts. The blue clock held its breath. The whole world was waiting for the doctor's reply. Very slowly he raised his head and looked at Mrs. Kinley.

"Concussion is a very serious thing. Miriam is very sick. I'm afraid she will not live. The next fifteen minutes will tell."

Not a sound was heard. Mrs. Kinley's hand groped through the darkness that surrounded her, found her husband's hand and clung. The beautiful wedding dress hung in dejection in the closet. The rows of gifts in the hall mocked her as she passed. The flowers downstairs would be used for a funeral! How could Miriam have driven off so carefree this morning to return an hour later unconscious, having been hit by a truck whose driver had lost control of it for one short moment. For the last eighteen hours there had been only one thought in Mrs. Kinley's mind.

"Please God, don't let her die."

Miriam stirred and opened her eyes. As she recognized her parents, her hand reached out to them feebly. Mrs. Kinley grasped the hand and a heart-breaking sob left her throat. Tears she had kept inside her all day covered the hand, held tightly by her own. Pain seemed to have left Miriam's face and it was full of peace. Then as suddenly as she had wakened her hand was jerked from her mother's by a convulsion of her whole body. Her hand knocked the clock, and the small blue china clock, painted with buttercups, lay broken on the floor.

MARY ELLEN McDERMID, Matric



### MY GHOST OF LINCOLN

There is only the ghost of one person whom I would not be afraid to meet. This ghost was a very great man and the sixteenth President of my country—Abraham Lincoln. I should like to meet him on a day when I was by myself, and feeling very very lonely. I have read biographies written by many people, and learned by heart his Gettysburg Address, but somehow I would like to know how he felt when he was lonely. That is something you cannot find in a book, and in this way, a book fails to be adequate.

I would like to sit hunched at his feet and listen to him talk. He would not mention wars or battles or treaties—he would not mention issues of the state and country, for I would not have the ability or even interest enough to understand them. Perhaps he would tell me of his early home and of the cracks in the walls where the winter snow came in. He would remember the smell of the wax used on the long rough table in the front room, and the one candle burning late at night making the dust on the cover of his book look very soft and wonderful.

When he realized that I was lonely he would know how I felt, for he had been alone many times, and I would listen as he talked. I would not be lonely because I would be feeling his loneliness, not my own. It had been mine before and would be mine later, but not right then and not right there. Many people can be good company, but few can ease the emptiness and hurt that constitute loneliness, or even replace it by something else.

I would ask him all the little things that I could think of—what he saw when he looked out of the wall cracks in the log cabin, what it was like to chop the logs and see them divide and fall under his power; how he felt after walking several miles to return the three cents that he had short-changed one of the customers in that little country store; for it is the little things that build up strength and greatness. I am sure that he could remember and then tell me, and I think that I would understand.

I have seen his statue in Washington, D.C., seen his picture in books—I have even been through his house and his tomb in Springfield, but when you go to places like that you are bound to find them full of people. Some will be curious, some will be truly interested, and a few will be making grand and pompous speeches. Always there will be the crowd viewing him as a president, and reading his carefully-guarded documents.

No, I would not be afraid to meet his ghost, for then I could know what his greatness is really made of, not just view the famous greatness itself.

DOLLY ANN ARNOLD, Matric

### "THE CONCH"

The storm has partially subsided and save for a few heavy grey clouds which slowly drift across the heavens, the sky is clear and blue. A tempestuous surf pounds upon the jagged rocks that border the Cove of Glenfast, and mighty waves break upon its white beach. Many shells, bits of seaweed, fragments of broken glass, and wood have been washed ashore during the night. In the distance a tiny dot is visible. As it approaches, one can distinguish a child of five or six wearing blue shorts and a white shirt. Gleefully he runs barefooted along the sand, his curly hair shining like burnished gold in the sunlight. He has pink cheeks and a smiling mouth, while under a pair of long brown lashes shine two very blue eyes. In one chubby hand he clenches a small snail, and in the other a shiny piece of quartz. Except that he has no halo, this child in complexion and features is almost identical with Raphael's angels. He glances toward the ocean, for there on the water's edge lies a large conch—an exceptionally beautiful conch, for it seems to glow and sparkle in the sunlight with the interchanging colours of the rainbow. For a moment the boy hesitates and then, as if magnetized, he walks slowly toward the shell. A small wave rushes up the beach and the shell vanishes, only to reappear nearer the turbulent water. The child, more determined than ever to have this exquisite thing, walks fearlessly onward. The angry waters swirl around his knees. The conch lies directly before him. For a moment he stands motionless in the foamy water fascinated by the shiny object. Then bending down he grasps the conch. A huge wave breaks a short distance away. Desperately the boy tries to get out of its powerful reach, but it is too late. The wave rushes onward, and both child and shell are lost in its depths—never to return. Can nature really want to destroy two such lovely creatures? The question seems to answer itself—for the waves stop their roaring and the sun disappears behind a cloud. A grey gull can be seen winging its way over the still ocean and its shrill but melancholy song is heard. Soon the sun appears, shining forth with its radiant splendour. A warm breeze blows across the rolling dunes gently swaying the tall, coarse crab-grass, and all is tranquil.

ENID GOELET, VI A

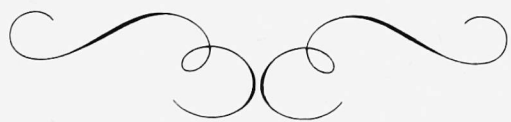
## TRUE ART

Venice—so romantic and gay of heart,  
Home of palaces, king and queen;  
A city—to countless—only a dream  
Which people remember and say "true art."

The memory for me is of something other—  
The form of a barefoot, tattered urchin  
Is bent on the pavement chalking—a merchant—  
While coins are caught by his tiny brother.

His strokes are swift lest his model depart,  
While his brother pleads to the passers by;  
Then the likeness appears in the smile, the eye,  
His sketch, now finished, to me is "true art."

BUNTY MAVOR, Matric



## CASE CLOSED

It was a rough, blizzard day, and the wind blew the stinging snow in whirlwinds across the fields. As I walked across the long, flat, open space, my hair was lashed back and forth across my face. Everything in this world seemed to be swept away, and I was living within myself—myself an atom of humanity on an earth so tremendous that the size of it was too tremendous to be taken in or understood. I felt small and alone but purified by the wind which seemed to take no notice of me except as a barrier in its way. My mind was suddenly clear and my heart happy. I broke into a run, ignoring the cold and snow, ignoring everything except my new-found happiness and calm.

A few hours later in millions of houses, radios clicked on to hear the eight o'clock news.

The cold impersonal voice of the announcer began, "This afternoon the murderess who escaped from prison yesterday was finally captured. It is said that the F.B.I. caught her while she was running across a field not far from the village of Windrush. The criminal did not attempt to escape a second time, but seemed perfectly calm. She died in the electric chair at exactly seven-thirty o'clock this evening."

NEVILLE ROBINSON, VI B

## THE UMBRELLA

The rain was pouring down like pebbles, splashing on the street and pavement in glistening bubbles that popped after a moment on the ground. Shining wet taxis tooted and honked up and down London's busy street while people hustled this way and that, anxious to reach home and shake the dripping rain from their coats and hats. A great red bus swished by the taxi, sending a spray of muddy water over the windshield. Yes indeed, this was an awful day to be sailing for Canada, though Auntie of course did not realize that. She thought only of the fun and excitement that lay ahead and of the fact that she was really going to see her own Walter once again.

"How long has it been, Auntie? I mean the time you last saw Walt," asked Richard, who was sitting beside the old lady.

"The name is Walter! Remember! Well, it's been five years, two months and four days since the child left. He was only thirty-one then, and such a dear, kind boy. It really seems hardly possible that I should be seeing him in another week."

"Is the trip only a week? That is a short time, isn't it! I hear the new steamer is a beauty, and as this is her maiden voyage it should really be something quite special. I honestly wish I were going with you, Auntie, but you know the family and everything. I just couldn't do it."

"Oh, of course, Richard," replied the old lady with a grin. "I understand exactly. Besides I've always said I prefer to travel alone. Not so much fuss and bother, you know! Especially with men—they always make so much out of travelling. Actually there's nothing simpler."

Richard smiled to himself, as he knew only too well that his dear old aunt was the greatest person in this world to make a fuss over nothing.

"The rain doesn't seem to be slackening any, does it?" inquired Richard, looking out of the clouded car window. "I'm rather glad that you're sailing from London, as that train trip to Liverpool is perfectly awful on a fine day, and I'd hate to see it on a day like this!"

"Oh, I think I'd rather enjoy the train ride," answered the aunt in her best little voice. "After all, you're bound to meet somebody nice on a trip like that, and anyway I've never been to Liverpool."

"Well, I'll tell you now, in all my twenty-eight years I've—"

"In all your twenty-eight years," broke in the old lady. "Honestly you'd think you were an old man the way you talk! Twenty-eight years! Tst!"

"Well anyway," continued Richard, "I've never seen a more horrible place—that is by the docks anyway—just lines and lines of smoky, fishy warehouses. No! It really isn't a very beautiful spot and I imagine it'd be terrible on a day like this. Hey, we must be nearly at the harbour. That's "Shepherd's Market" we just passed. I recognize the little spire of the church. They have the most delicious bun-shop in here that mother used to take us to when we were small. It's—"

"Oh stop talking about buns, Richard, and look for my umbrella!" exclaimed the old lady. "I know I brought it. It's black with an ivory handle. Now where could it be?"

The aunt seemed to be a little nervous now, and spoke even more quickly than usual.

"Auntie, I really don't remember your carrying an umbrella. You're quite sure you didn't leave it on the hall table? I saw one there just before we left, a black one too."

"Yes, I'm quite sure," replied the aunt.

"No! Wait a minute! I left it on the hall table. That's just what I did. Thank you, Richard. Driver."

The driver turned and pushed open the glass window that separated the front and back seats.

"Was it you that was callin' me, Mum?" he asked in a broad cockney accent.

"Yes, driver. Will you please return to 10 Grosvenor Square. I've forgotten something. Now hurry."

"But Auntie, you'll miss the boat," Richard

pleaded. "I know you haven't got time. Remember you said you hated arriving at a station early. Well, there's only fifteen more minutes. We'll never make it!"

"Quiet, Richard. Stop fussing!" retorted the stubborn lady. "I'm not going to Canada without that umbrella, no matter how many boats I miss I'm taking it with me. No sir, your father gave it to me before I sailed for South Africa. That was in 1905 and here it is 1912 and whenever I've had that umbrella I've always had good luck. I'm not taking any chances this time!"

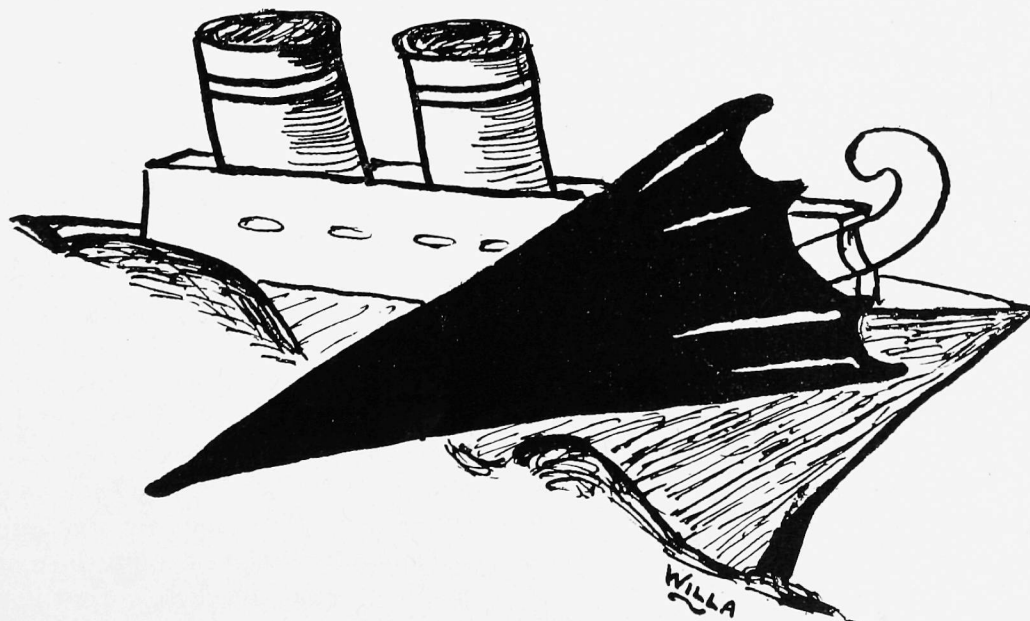
Richard realized there was absolutely nothing he could do and so sat back in the seat till they arrived home. Sure enough, there was the umbrella sitting on the hall table where he had seen it. He glanced at his watch as he was about to leave the house again and saw that the boat should have left ten minutes before. He grabbed the telephone and called the information bureau at the docks. The call took a few minutes to get through but finally he was connected.

"Hello? Could you tell me if the "Titanic" has sailed from pier B yet, please. It has? Ten minutes ago? Thank you."

Richard hung up and wondered how he should break the bad news to his aunt. Well, he had warned her and she had insisted, but on her maiden voyage too.

"Well, she sails again in two weeks time," thought Richard. "I'd better make reservations for then. Oh Auntie," he called down to the taxi, "tell the driver he can leave, and you come and have some tea. The "Titanic" left ten minutes ago! So you missed her this time, but here's your umbrella!"

WILLA OGILVIE, Matric





## BEFORE THE CURTAIN RISES

"Oh Mummy, I'm just petrified."

"Don't be silly, darling; everything will be all right."

"Oh, I hope so!"

"Would you like me to zip up the back of your dress?"

"Michael, Michael, how are you?"

"Darling, would you like me to zip up your dress?"

"Oh yes, Mum, thank-you. Michael, Michael, how—"

"Stephanie, it's 'where are you?' "

"Oh, that's right. Just think, this is the first big play I've ever been in. Were there plays in the olden days when you were young?"

"Stephanie, when I was at school we had just as many plays and we were just as frightened as you. By the way, I wish you wouldn't refer to my childhood as the 'olden days.' It wasn't so very long ago."

"Sorry Mum, I keep forgetting."

"I'll forgive you this time. I think we'd better go over your lines again. We only have about ten minutes before the curtain goes up, and I want to get back to my seat."

"Okay, Mums. Michael do you—Mum, do you think I should lift my arms when I say that?"

"Well dear, what did your dramatic mistress tell you to do?"

"She said to keep my arms at my sides, but I think—"

"Never mind what you think, dear; I'm sure what she said is correct."

"Very well. I'll start over again. Michael, Michael, how are you?"

"Where are you?"

"Oh, that's right. Michael, Michael—Oh Mummy what will happen if I get all mixed up and forget my lines?"

"You won't, Stephanie; just keep calm."

"Yes, Mum."

"Oh my goodness! I didn't realize how late it was. Daddy will think something has happened to me."

"A-h-h-h Mummy, don't go."

"Dear, I have to. The play is going to start soon; you have to be all ready, and I have to get back to my seat. Good-luck, dear."

"Thank-you Mum; I'll do my best."

"Oh, don't forget; it's 'where are you?' not, 'how are you?' "

"I won't."

"Good-bye. Daddy and I will come back here to get you when the play is over."

"Well, here you are; I was wondering what had happened to you."

"I was just talking to Steph. She still gets all mixed up and says 'how are you?' "

"I'm sure she will do it right. Don't worry about her."

"No dear, but—"

"Sh—the curtain is going up."

"Where is she? Oh George, where is she?"

"Don't get nervous, dear. She is over there in the corner."

"Oh, yes, I see her."

"Please be quiet, darling; she's going to say something."

"Michael, Michael, how are you?"

SUSAN WIGLE, VI A



## "BUT, HOW . . . . ?"

I first met Hugh Douglas when I was in my second year of medicine at Cambridge. We soon became fast friends and remained so until our graduation in 1781. But after we left the university his business took him far away from London and I lost contact with him for a number of years. Then, last month, to my great surprise a letter arrived telling me of his approaching wedding and inviting me to spend a few weeks with him previous to it, at his home in Northern England. Feeling that I could not disappoint an old friend, I started almost immediately on the four-day journey.

The first three days passed rather uneventfully as the weather was fine and the roads good. On the afternoon of the fourth day I arrived at Kendal where I was advised to spend the night, as a storm was forecast for later in the day. Being impatient to reach my destination, which was not more than fifteen miles away, I did not heed the warnings but continued on my way, although I knew it meant crossing some ten miles of desolate moors. For the first five miles the sky was clear and the sun shone brightly so I began to think the storm warning had been false. But then a heavy black cloud appeared on the horizon and before we had gone another five miles the rain was pouring down in great torrents. Fearing that we might be stuck in this great waste-land for the night I urged the coachman to make haste, but the roads had become so slippery and treacherous that it was impossible

for the horses to go any faster. The way became more and more difficult and soon the wheels of the carriage were so bogged down in the mire that the horses could not budge them. I couldn't tell much about my surroundings as the only time I could see anything was when a jagged fork of lightning momentarily lit the inky sky. I was sitting motionless staring into the darkness when suddenly the high-pitched neighing of a horse broke the silence. I quickly looked out of the window but even when the lightning illumined the countryside I could see nothing, and so attributed the sound to my imagination, until it repeated itself again much closer.

During the next few minutes the sound came again and again but always from different directions. At first the thought of this mysterious but invisible horse scared me; however my curiosity soon overcame my terror and I got out of the carriage into the pouring rain to see if I could find the horse. By this time my own horses were terrified and rearing, trying to break away, but the harness held them prisoner. Looking down the road I saw a light coming towards me at great speed. When at length it came close enough for me to distinguish what it was, my common sense would not allow me to believe my eyes. For here coming towards me at a full gallop was a huge but headless stallion. He was outlined in the darkness by a strange green light, although where it came from I could not tell. To get out of his path I jumped into the ditch and hid myself as best I could, for, although he did not have a head I had a strange feeling that somehow he could see. My coachman, realizing the danger, also started for the ditch but before he could reach it the huge hoofs trampled him in the mud and I knew it would be useless to try to save him. By this time my horses were frantic; just before the stallion reached them, one managed to break free and galloped up the road with all its might. However, its companion was not as fortunate and although it put up a good fight it did not have a chance against the supernatural thing twice its size. It soon lay dead beneath the stallion's hoofs. Then to my horror I saw the creature start towards me, but what happened after that I do not remember for everything went black until I regained consciousness to find myself in a big comfortable room with Hugh bending anxiously over me.

When I tried to tell him what had happened he only laughed and told me not to worry over such a little thing as my carriage over-turning in a ditch.

Then I impatiently told him about the horses and the coachman, upon which he looked amazed and pointed to a man standing in the doorway whom I immediately recognized as my coachman. He quickly assured me that my horses were safe in the barn, but by this time I was so puzzled that I wasn't sure I hadn't gone insane.

A few days later I was talking to one of the maids who lived in the village near the Douglasses. Just to satisfy my curiosity I asked her if she had ever heard of the headless horse, expecting her to laugh and tell me I was crazy, but to my amazement she looked frightened and said that often people out on the moors late at night had seen him gallop by. Then she proceeded to describe this creature, the description of which exactly fitted the thing I had seen a few nights before. As I had never described the stallion to anyone I was sure then that my adventure that memorable night was no figment of my imagination. But how could it have been otherwise?.....that I shall probably never know.

MARGOT BEAUBIEN, VI A



### 'Twas THE NIGHT BEFORE CLOSING

'Twas the night before closing when all through  
the school,  
Not a creature was stirring—or breaking a rule.  
Glimpses of Compton all flashed through my head  
As I lay going to sleep all tucked in my bed.  
I relived the heartaches, the fun and the tears,  
The growing of friendships all through the years.  
Oh! the great thrill of each midnight jaunt  
As we crept to each room like ghosts on a haunt;  
And oh! the great dread of classes next day;  
Was I wide and awake—was I brilliant—but nay—  
I laugh when I think of our living for mail  
How we pushed and we shoved—in the end—no  
avail.

The excitement of chatter, the echo of laughter  
Will remain in my memory for years ever after,  
When we joined in our sports with our friends to  
compete  
To rejoice in our victories and smile in defeat.  
With these thoughts in my mind—these memories  
to keep—  
With a smile on my face, I dropped off to sleep.

JOAN ROBB, Matric

MARY FAYRE TREMAIN, Matric

## WAITING

Ding . . . dong! Mrs. Burton watched the clock strike two and something within her relaxed a little. How long had she been sitting in that one position, numb to any motion around her? Six hours perhaps? Her mind was in a state of confusion. A dull throb began to pound at her temples, spreading until it seemed as though her whole head were being shot at from all sides.

She glanced away from the clock to look at her husband who sat on the other side of the room. How he resembled their son, Bobby! She recalled the happy times the three of them had had together, at home, at the zoo, or at the seashore. A tear came into her eyes and she opened her purse with shaking hands to look for a handkerchief. She wiped the tear away and glanced at her husband again. He looked tired as he stared out the window. The lines in his face were drawn and tense, making the deep circles under his eyes look larger and even deeper. Perhaps he too was asking over and over again the same question that she was asking.

"Why, after they had been so very happy, did this have to happen to them? Was it really Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Burton sitting in this bleak white room, waiting to hear the result of an operation on their son? If only the truck had been merciful enough to break an arm or leg! Dr. Whitcomb had said that it was the most delicate operation on the eyes that could ever be performed." She remembered his words so clearly.

"You must be brave, Mrs. Burton. The result of this operation can be an excellent one, or it can be . . . ." She didn't want to remember those awful words.

"Oh, dear God, please keep my son safe and alive! Help him, please, please!"

She looked down at her hands. They were wet with perspiration, and cold, as they were wringing and pulling at the handkerchief.

Bobby entered her mind more vividly than ever. She recalled her son with a love that made her feel faint. Last summer, down at the seashore, he had caught his first large fish. The fish was such a heavy one that it had nearly pulled Bobby out of the boat. Daddy came to the rescue just in time. The excitement and surprise on Bobby's face had made her laugh until she had to sit down. When the fish turned out to be a healthy salmon, and was safely lying on the deck of the boat, all three sat

down and laughed over the experience as Bobby produced his great ideas about what he planned to do with it. She remembered the salmon, proudly mounted over the fireplace at home.

The annual jaunts to the zoo had always contained something exciting. The last time, Bobby had accidentally stepped on the foot of one of the ducks as he was feeding them, and in no time at all the duck was making the worst noise imaginable and chasing Bobby round and round the pond. Finally the duck had grown tired and had gone to join his friends. It was most amusing when the whole thing was over.

Mrs. Burton glanced out the window. The rain came down straight and hard. Everywhere the atmosphere was bleak. The clock ticked the minutes away like hours, and the ticking seemed to keep time with the throbbing in her head. She suddenly became aware of the other people in the room. A young girl dressed in a white uniform was fixing flowers at the other end of the room. An old man sitting on a nearby bench snored peacefully. Nurses walked in and out and their rubber-soled shoes squeaked on the polished floor. The light above her flickered and became dull for a while, as though it would go out, but in a minute it was bright again. The smell was typical of a hospital—clean and medicinal.

The door that had been closed for seven hours opened. She felt as if the earth had been struck by a violent earthquake. The room turned upside down and was upright again. She saw the doctor coming toward her. She tried to get up, but her knees could not stand the strain and she had to remain in her chair.

"Mr. and Mrs. Burton, will you come this way, please?"

Dr. Whitcomb turned toward the door. Mrs. Burton, supported by her husband, followed. They walked down endless hallways that were dark and still. Everywhere was the smell of the hospital. Dr. Whitcomb finally paused before a door bearing a large number.

"You must be only a minute."

That was all he said. He opened the door to let them in. There, in a large white bed was Bobby.

"Mummy and Daddy! I thought you'd never come! The doctor said I'm going to be all better by next week. Will you take me to the zoo then?"

JOAN ROBB, Matric



## THE LAMP

The house was dark except for a heavy oil lamp which burned quietly on the landing upstairs. It shone down the old oak stairs making strange figures on the walls and catching the gleam of Mrs. Wentworth's wedding ring as she placed her delicate hand on the bannister. Her husband, holding a small candle behind her, was just about to ascend the stairs with her when they heard a noise at the top. They looked up together and saw Beth coming out of her room.

"Beth darling," said Mrs. Wentworth, "couldn't you get to sleep?"

Instead of answering, Beth moved deftly towards the great lamp on the landing, picked it up and began descending the stairs. Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth looked up, horrified, as she came. Beth's eyes, lit weirdly by the lamp, looked unseeingly in front of her. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth backed against the wall and let her pass, her white negligé trailing behind.

"Ken," whispered Mrs. Wentworth, "she's looking for something. She is looking for the baby."

They watched her helplessly. She was searching for the baby she had lost so long ago. There was nothing they could do, for if they woke her she might drop the lamp. Tensely Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth followed her into the living-room. She was humming a plaintive tune as she searched. She looked in all the corners of the room but found nothing. From here she carried the lamp through each of the other rooms—the dining room, the pantry and the den, always calling little Bobby's name and crying softly to herself. Her shadow on the wall moved grotesquely, and the silence, broken only by a sob now and then, was awful. When she had finished searching the den she moved once more towards the stairs. As she passed her father and mother they again stood by and saw that searching face, looking far, far away. As they watched, she began to go up the stairs, again holding the lamp high as she went. Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth held their breath as they stood motionless at the bottom watching the white form of their daughter ascend the stairs. Beth reached the top safely. She turned and placed the lamp back on the table. As she did this she looked down the stairway at her mother and father standing so still at the bottom, and whispered despairingly, "Lost." Slowly she turned and slipped quietly into her room.

The house was still and dark except for a heavy oil lamp which burned on the landing upstairs.

It shone down the old oak stairs making figures on the walls and catching the gleam of Mrs. Wentworth's wedding ring as she placed her delicate hand on the bannister.

MARY FAYRE TREMAIN, *Matric*



## THE LETTER

I watched the seething black waters beneath the bridge. The wind seemed to whip through me as I tugged my coat more tightly around my shivering body. I turned my steps homeward. The hollow feeling of loneliness enveloped me. My stomach felt like an empty pit. Home! What was home now? My brother was dead, killed in an aeroplane crash; my music had lain untouched for months. Jack had been in the prime of life with a brilliant musical career ahead of him. I had taught him to know and love his music. Why could it not have been I? Why did God take a man who could give the world so much? But as usual these questions lay unanswered.

I let myself into my dusky attic and slumped into a chair. I saw on the table that hateful telegram and a letter from Jack unopened. It was addressed to me but had never been mailed. I did not seem to have the courage to open the letter. His letters were always so cheerful, and brimming over with his love of life.

My hands trembled as I opened the letter. It was a strange one, a letter from a man who was about to face death. He wrote that he subconsciously knew he would not come out alive. He gave me a description of the war, of the torn lands, of the air-raid sirens screeching through the air, the bombs shattering buildings into crumpled masses of stone, and the ragged children shivering and crying as they watched their parents and relatives being brutally killed by the enemy before their eyes—and then the quiet after the raid—the people going back to offices and homes, some of which were only skeletons of gray structure. He said he wanted me to translate it into music, and go back as a concert pianist and play it for everyone. The letter was blurred by the mist which sprang to my eyes—

The snow was falling and changing the steel grayness of the city to a beautiful white make-believe scene. From a top attic window strains of melodious music filled the air, and a group of people stopped to listen, entranced.

HEATHER ROGERS, VI B

## THE LITTLE DOOR

Paul LaCosse was a young boy who lived in a remote village on the coast of Portugal. His parents were very cruel to him and the only friends he ever had were the animals of the nearby wood and his little dog Tobo. He spent most of the day playing in the woods and training the chipmunks, squirrels, rabbits and birds not to be afraid of him. The only time he would go home was to eat, and to creep up to bed for the night.

Paul knew nothing about his parents' occupation, and he hardly ever saw them because he ate alone in the kitchen, and slept in a little room in the attic. One night Paul woke up suddenly, sure that he heard the sound of strange footsteps, but he tried to ignore them.

When they sounded again, he said to himself, "Don't be silly; it's only the waves hitting the rocks."

But the steps kept on. Paul was not very nervous until he stood up on his bed to look out of his tiny window; then he began to be terrified, for he saw on the sea, very close to land, an enormous ship with huge white sails dipping and tossing on the wavy sea. Other nights he knew he would not have been able to see this sight so clearly, but to-night the moon was shining so brightly that he could see the dark figures moving on the deck. Paul thought for a moment that it was only a dream, and pinched himself to make sure. As he kept on looking, he noticed more and more details. On the top a pirates' flag was waving in the breeze; he was so taken up with the sight that he didn't hear his father enter the room.

"Paul," said his father severely, "what do you mean by being awake so late at night?"

"I was just. . . . I mean I heard, well, I was looking at that pirate ship out there!" said Paul, as he crouched back against the wall, terrified at the sight of his father, who was covered with perspiration and stripped to the waist. He had a white handkerchief around his head, making him look like a pirate himself. In his hand he held a long, snake-like horse whip, with a large knot at the end.

"Paul, come here."

"Oh Father," Paul said nearly crying, "please don't whip me. I won't say anything. I promise I won't. Please don't hit me; please."

"Paul, I'm not going to hit you, but come with me; I want to show you something," said Mr. LaCosse in an unusually gentle way.

Paul crossed the room and followed his father downstairs and out onto the lawn. As he looked ahead of him, he shrank back against the wall of the rude house and covered his face with his hands, for in front of him were at least ten men, chained together and stripped to the waist.

"Paul, do you see these men?"

"Yes, Father."

"Do you know why they are here?"

"No, Father."

"Those men sailed that ship from the new country down here. It is filled with goods that I have been waiting for, for many years."

"But Father, are you a smuggler?"

"Yes, Paul; that is what they call it. You see, many years ago I was very bad, and I was sent away to the new country. As I sailed over I was fascinated by the ship I was on, and I was determined to return to my home in a ship I had built by myself. After I had been over there, I made a ship with the help of all these men. When I got it built, I didn't want to leave without any money so I stole some goods and money, loaded them on my ship, and sailed away. We were sailing quite close to shore — this shore by the way — when we struck bottom and were marooned there. The men and I unloaded the ship and piled the goods onto one of our rafts. On approaching shore I discovered an enormous cave, which we sailed right into. We landed at the side of the cave where a ledge ran. There we unloaded and got up to look around. We noticed stone stairs leading up from it through an opening in the roof of the cave; the stairs brought us right here."

"Do you mean we live over that cave?"

"Yes, Paul. Have you ever noticed the little door in my bedroom under the rug?"

"No Father, you don't allow me in your room."

"Well, there is a door there under the rug, and it leads down into that huge cave, where right now I have hundreds of dollars worth of gold."

"But Father, how do you get all this money?"

"My men smuggle it from ships that they attack. You see, no one ever comes here on the coast of Portugal because of the dangerous rocks, reefs and currents, but these men know the course perfectly."

"But why are they all chained?"

"These men tried to kill the captain and keep the gold, but they didn't succeed, so now I must teach them a lesson. Why don't you go down into the cave?"

"All right," said Paul, who by this time was trying to be like his father, brave and strong.

As he ran into the house, and into his father's room, he lost all fear of his father and admired him for his courage. He pushed back the rug and there under it was a small door with a ring on it. As he pulled open the little creaking door the salty smell of the sea filled his nostrils; he walked carefully down the cold wet steps. He seemed to have gone down and down, when the two walls bordering the stairs suddenly broadened into the walls of the cave. There before his eyes floated six large rafts, from which men were carrying glittering pieces of gold up the steps to the ledges. As he stood on the stairs, he began to feel all damp, for the top of the cave was wet and misty, and the cold stones under his feet and beside him were green with slimy moss.

Looking up at the open door above, he wondered how such a tiny door could conceal his father's life and business and also be the cause of the cruelty in his character. He hoped that some day they would walk through that little door and sail away, back to a good land where he would have many friends. But until then, every once in a while that door would creak open as his father walked down the cold steps to look at the goods which other men had stolen for him.

CLAIRE FAULKNER, VIA



### INTO THE DISTANCE

She looked at me levelly and I saw in her eyes all that she would not permit to enter her expression. There was pride, a stern and yet a young pride which had not yet learned to become invulnerable to the hurt which now possessed those eyes, the hurt which I had inflicted. In it there was nothing of bitterness—how I wish there had been!—nothing but disillusionment and loneliness. And although there was strength in her steady gaze I could see a helplessness, a loss of faith in advice, and yet an inability to go on alone.

How was I to tell her that I had not meant what I had said; that as soon as I had said it I was sorry? I knew she would not believe me. I knew she would think that I was sorry for her and pity was something she hated.

I opened my mouth to say some useless, meaningless thing but a shout interrupted me.

"All aboard!"

She turned and ran to catch her train. I followed her and waited until she appeared at the train window. Her expression had not changed; there was still a deep sadness in her eyes. Panic seized me. I must tell her that I did not mean it, that her friendship was the most valuable thing on earth to me. The train jerked and started slowly from the station. I ran beside it but could not keep opposite her window. The train picked up speed and finally I stopped and watched it disappear in the distance. She would never come back.

NEVILLE ROBINSON, VI B



### A SONG OF CAIRNDOW

The wind was whistling through the trees,  
The thunder clashed above;  
A man came riding through the rain,  
Riding to save his love.

His mare was sweating from the pace,  
Her legs weak from the stride,  
But ever was that prick of spur  
Into her heaving side.

Onward and onward through the night  
They galloped—horse and man,  
'Till the stars faded in the sky,  
The moon waxed pale and wan.

"I must reach Cairndow town tonight  
My true love for to see,  
For at the dawn Mae shall be wed,  
Though she is true to me."

The light was paler in the east,  
And Cairndow lay ahead;  
His mare did trip—his head hit rock,  
And he lay, pale and dead.

Just as the wedding bells were rung.  
She heard her lover's fate;  
She plunged her bodkin through her heart,  
Cried, "Wait! my love, oh wait!"

And now these faithful lovers are  
Together and in bliss,  
And all who love are welcome there,  
Where all is happiness.

C. MOLSON, VI B



## THE SEA SHELL

The room was dark and still except for the reflection of a street lamp on the ceiling and the slow steady ticking of the alarm clock by her bed. Heather's eyes shifted from the white organdy curtains rustling in the soft night air, to the clock. It was a quarter to twelve. In fifteen minutes she would hear the clock at the town hall ring twelve and then—then she would be free. Heather closed her eyes as her mind went back to the first time she had seen Duggan Place.

The small buggy seemed barely big enough for two. As Heather glanced at the large red-faced woman beside her, she decided that it was hardly big enough for one. Feeling very squashed and uncomfortable, she sniffed again rather conspicuously. She would try to forget Papa, John, the twins, the smell of salt water and fish, the feel of sand like a velvet carpet under bare feet, and the wonderful life which she had left behind her in Sea Gull Bay, but she would always keep the tiny sea shell which John had pressed into her hand before she left.

"Stop your sniffing, child. There'll be no time for weeping your heart out at Duggan Place, let me tell you, and the sooner you learn that, the better for us all!"

Heather flinched as the harsh, rasping voice reprimanded her again and again. Before she had time to ask where Duggan Place was, why she was being taken there, and all the other questions which were running through her mind, the buggy pulled up with a jerk in front of a large stone mansion with two marble lions on either side of the massive wrought-iron door.

Heather remembered the feeling of nausea and panic as the great door closed behind her and she found herself looking up into the cold steel-grey eyes of Sir Charles Sydney Duggan.

"Welcome to Duggan Place, Heather."

The cool manner in which he spoke sent a chill down her spine.

"I am your uncle and you are going to live with me and be Heather Duggan from now on. Miss Hoggs will take good care of you and I know you'll be extremely happy here, my dear."

The firm decisive words still echoed in her memory as they had at the time they were spoken. Heather's lonely life from then on had been one of misery and despair. She later learned from the cruel domineering Miss Hoggs that Uncle Charles was her only living relative besides her

immediate family and that some day she would be the rich heiress to a large fortune. She never heard from Papa. A short letter, however, which had arrived about two weeks later, had been torn up before she was able to read it.

She recalled the many hours during her first few months at Duggan Place when she had wept and longed for the life at Sea Gull Bay, and the times when she had been beaten for doing so.

"That man you call 'Papa' is nothing but a common fisherman and that young son of his a street urchin. Enough of your wailing and whining!"

Heather remembered shouting back at Miss Hoggs in bold defiance, "They are fine people and I love them. I shall always love them, but I hate you and I hate my uncle. Someday I shall run away forever and never come back, never!"

She had been severely punished and was sorry afterwards, but despite the wealth and beauty of her surroundings, the thought of every moment she had spent at Duggan Place caused a feeling of contempt for the place itself and for those who had caused her suffering.

Heather was seventeen now. Today, when her uncle told her that she would leave early the following morning for a finishing school, she had secured the tiny shell of remembrance from its hiding place. Her large green eyes sparkled under the thick black lashes as she smiled to herself in the darkness. Oh, Papa would look just about the same, but the twins would have grown and flourished in six years. She wondered whether they still loved to build tiny forts on the cliffs looking out towards the bay. She could almost hear the sound of the rolling breakers splashing and roaring against the great rocks, and catch the faint salty smell of fresh seaweed in the damp sand.

As she clutched the tiny pearl-like shell in her hand, she thought, "John will be just twenty!" She wondered if he would be glad to see her and if his nose still wrinkled when he laughed.

She had been given money to buy her ticket to school, and tonight the worn brown trunk with which she had arrived at Duggan Place, had been packed with her most precious belongings. She had money to buy a ticket, but it would not be a return ticket and would have the words "Sea Gull Bay" printed on it instead of "Oakland Ridge." Heather would not buy that ticket in the morning; she would buy it to-night and use it to-night.

She glanced at the clock once more. It was seven minutes to twelve. Nobody knew that she had gone to bed with her travelling suit on and that she had discovered a way to climb over the balcony and lower herself onto the stone terrace below. Nobody, nobody but Heather knew that when the Town Hall clock rang out twelve times in exactly five minutes, she would never see Duggan Place again, but be free at last.

EVE GORDON, VI A



### WHY THE MOON CHANGES SIZE

Quicksilver was very happy and proud. She had been chosen out of all the little girl fairies to keep the moon bright and shining. Each day she scrubbed and rubbed and polished, and the moon shone out clearly in the night. Gradually poor Quicksilver's arms began to tire and ache. Oh, how wonderful it would be to curl up behind a star and sleep! At last she could bear it no longer and worked for a shorter time each day. Then, after a drink at the milky way, Quicksilver would cuddle up on a cloud and sleep the day away.

Each day the little fairy polished a little less, and the moon diminished to half its size. The Fairy Queen one night noticed this, and sent a flower fairy, Buttercups, to see what the matter was. Quicksilver was peacefully dozing on a cloud when Buttercups arrived, but woke quickly enough when shaken.

After Quicksilver's scolding the moon once more shone its pale light down to earth, and for a while all was well. Wearier and wearier became the tiny fairy, until gradually she slumped back into her former habits, while smaller and smaller became the moon. Once again the Fairy Queen scolded.

Over and over this kept happening until all fairyland was used to it and rather liked the moon to diminish and then to become larger again.

All this took place years and years ago when the world was young but, if you have ever noticed it, the moon still keeps diminishing and growing larger again.

ANNE COLEMAN, V A

### TO A CANARY

The day was young, the sky was blue,  
A crow cawed from high up a tree;  
Longingly I gazed at a carefree child . . .  
Oh, how I wished I too were free!

The sun winked lazily down at me  
And I screamed in a sweltering rage.  
But I was just a canary bird  
Locked in a black, damp cage.

Never again would I have the chance  
Of racing with Peter the Crow,  
Or catching a luscious tempting worm,  
Or flying down south from the snow.

Never would I be able to build  
A nest of twigs and sticks  
As strong to endure the roaring winds  
As a house of solid bricks.

Unless, as Olga the owl once said,  
I never, never complain;  
Then maybe I'll go where all good birds go,  
And have my freedom again.

MARY FELLOWS, VI A



## THE LITTLE STONE

There he stood by the roadside, dirty and dishevelled, his clothes so ragged that they scarcely seemed to hold together over his thin, little body.

His tear-stained face was smudged with dust and his big eyes were swollen and red in the white, peaked face. On the ground lay the cause of his great grief, the still form of a mangy, emaciated little dog, though probably one of the best-loved dogs the world has ever known.

Taking the grubby hand, I quietly said, "Come now, I shall take you home."

Those were the only words I could think of, for there is nothing more consoling one can say to someone about his bereavement. But the small head shook sadly.

"You certainly can not stay here; I am sure your mother or your father must be worried about where you are and are probably looking for you," I said kindly, but firmly.

At these words the small form shook with deep sobs.

"I haven't a mother," came the muffled reply, "or a father; I only want you to leave me alone; no one is worried about me or where I might be; no one even cares. I have lost the only living thing I really loved and the only thing that has loved me in return." With this the eyes once more filled and brimmed over with large tears.

"But you must have a home or somewhere to go," I persisted.

"You can take me anywhere you want and do anything you want with me, but I'll never tell you or anyone where or with whom I live. I would rather die than go back there, I hate—."

The words suddenly died away as the thin legs crumpled under the exhausted little body and the child fell in a heap to the ground.

Lying there in the large bed with as much dirt as possible removed from his face and hands, the small boy looked as delicate as a piece of Dresden china, so thin and white that he seemed transparent and unearthly. I loved him, feeling a great pity for him. I turned anxiously towards the doctor as soon as he had completed his examination, dreading the outcome.

"How ill is he? What is really the matter with him?" I demanded.

The doctor turned his clever eyes slowly toward me, worry clouding each feature.

"I do not believe he will ever regain consciousness," he quietly replied, "and it would need a miracle for his recovery. I realize what a difficult

situation this is for you, but I know you understand that it would be fatal to move him. I will send a nurse right away so that you need not have the slightest thing to do with him and I would be immensely grateful to you if you would keep him here as long as necessary."

I turned away feeling as if the little boy in the bed were one of my own children and feeling the same empty horror at the realization of how very near this one small mortal was to death after his short, unhappy life. The next day and night passed, but still there were no signs of recovery in the frail form, which lay unnaturally still in the dark room.

On the third day the nurse came hurriedly to me and said, "The child has regained consciousness at last and seems to want to talk to someone; maybe it is you."

I found him lying as still as ever but with his eyes open looking like two large blue saucers, too large and too bright in his white, peaked face. He pointed a skeleton-like finger at the little bundle which he had brought with him. I opened it. There were a few ragged clothes in the middle of which was a piece of cloth tied around something small and hard. I handed it to him, and with weak fingers he slowly untied it with loving care. Before my startled gaze he brought out a clear, dazzling stone, which, as he held it in a stray sunbeam, sparkled with the reflection of all the colours of the rainbow.

Holding it fondly, he whispered to me, in a hardly audible voice, "I want you to have this in remembrance of me; it is all I have to give you in exchange for your kindness. It is not a very large gift, but it is such a pretty stone—I have had it a long time and have never shown it to anyone. They all hated me so much that anything I liked they might have taken away from me. But now I am going far away, somewhere where I shall never suffer hunger or beatings and where my mother and father wait for me.

The eyelids slowly closed forever, and as he held the bright stone in his hands the last particle of life fled from his small form.

Why was he, after such a pitiful life, denied happiness?—Who can tell? For the little boy died too soon to know that the stone he had treasured was one of the largest diamonds ever found and that, for the rest of his life, he could have lived in peace and luxury.

ROBIN BOCK, VI A



### MATT'S REWARD

Matt had always wanted a dog. He did not care what kind of a dog it was, as long as it was a dog. Now, as he stood outside the pet shop the desire seemed to grow stronger within him. He shoved his hands into his pockets, and slowly started for home, trying to forget the little brown dog he had seen in the window. It was such a cute, playful, little puppy. Matt kicked at a stone with vigour, and nearly upset a little old lady, as he walked dejectedly along the street. Suddenly he broke into a run and took the short-cut home. He did not want anyone to see the tears brimming in his eyes. He raced up the three flights of stairs to the flat that was a home to his mother and him.

"I'm home, Mom," he called, slamming the front door, and peering in the mirror to make sure that there were not any signs of tears. "Would you like me to help you deliver the sewing to-day?"

"I have a little surprise for you, son," called his mother from the dingy kitchen. "Come and see what it is."

Matt ran to the kitchen. "What is it, Mom," he cried in one breath.

His mother stood there holding out a crisp two dollar bill.

"This is your first bit of money," she said. "Take good care of it and buy something worthwhile with it."

"Oh, Mom, my own money!" cried Matt fingering the bill, his eyes sparkling. "The puppy," he suddenly exclaimed. "I'll go and buy it right now; it is worth-while."

A strange look came over his mother's face, a mixture of sadness and hope. Matt ignored it and hurried out the front door, whistling. He ran all the way to the pet-shop, and reaching it looked in to make sure the puppy was still there. It was. His heart sang with happiness as he entered the shop and enquired the price of the pup.

"Two dollars," said the little old man, "and a mighty fine puppy he be. Two months old to-day. A mighty fine puppy."

"To-day." The word stuck in Matt's head. "What was to-day? It was a special day." Suddenly he remembered. "To-day was Mom's birthday. Surely she didn't want him to buy her a birthday present. That was silly! He never bought her presents because he never had any money. But now he had the money."

Choking back his tears he thanked the little old man, and rushed down the street towards a flower-shop.

"He didn't really want the dog," he thought to himself. "Or did he."

Half an hour later he opened the front door with a bouquet of beautiful flowers in his hand, the best he could get for two dollars.

"Mom, I've got a present for you," he said, trying to sound cheerful. He threw the flowers on the chair and gave her a big hug. "Happy Birthday, Mom."

"They're beautiful, Matt," said his mother, taking off the paper.

"Why Mom, you're crying," exclaimed Matt in astonishment.

"I am not crying," said his mother scolding him gently. "Go and see what is out in the back porch. A man from a pet-shop brought him; said he belonged to you."

Matt ran out to the back porch and there sitting on the step was the little brown puppy. "It is a reward, son," said his mother, as if she knew the whole story. "You deserved it."

DOROTHY JOHNSTONE, V A



### THE CURIOUS CHILD AND THE ORGAN GRINDER

"Hello, mister."

"Huh."

"I beg your pardon."

"I said, 'huh'."

"Oh, that's what I thought you said."

"Huh."

"I think your monkey is very nice. Where did you get him?"

"I dunno."

"Oh. Does he always dance like that?"

"Yup."

"Even when he's tired?"

"He don't get tired."

"Never?"

"Nope."

"How do you know? He can't talk, can he?"

"Nope."

"I didn't think so. But he can understand what you say, can't he?"

"Sometimes."

"How old is he? I bet he's younger than me."

"He's five."

"Oh. Guess how old I am?"

"Six."

"No. I'm six and a half."

"Oh."

"Does he get very much money for you?"

"Yup."

"Oh, that's nice. How much?"

"I dunno."

"Do you want to know how much money I have?"

"Nope."

"I've got six cents. I bet you can guess what I'm going to buy with it."

"Nope."

"I'm going to buy a monkey. They don't cost more than three cents, do they? Because I want to buy some bananas for him."

"Oh."

"Well, how much do they cost?"

"Depends what kind you want."

"Oh, I want the kind that don't cost too much. I guess he'd be a tiny one. Do tiny ones like bananas?"

"Guess so."

"Do you like bananas too?"

"Yup."

"I beg your pardon."

"I said 'yup.'"

"What does that mean?"

"I dunno. I guess it means yup."

"Oh. Has your monkey got a name?"

"Yup."

"What is it?"

"Dolly."

"That's a dreadful name. Our breadman's horse is called Dolly. Do you know our breadman? His name is Charlie."

"Oh."

"Do you know him?"

"Nope."

"Guess what I'm going to call my monkey?"

"Huh."

"No I'm not going to call him 'huh.' His name is going to be Tinker."

"Oh."

"Do you like that name?"

"Nope."

"Douggee, Douggee, time for supper."

"Oh, Mummy's calling me. I guess I'd better go now."

"Oh."

"By the way, can tiny monkeys dance?"

"Yup."

"Oh goody. Well good-bye, Mister."

"Bye."

"Douggee, hurry up and wash for dinner."

"Yes, Mum."

"By the way, who was that funny little man you were talking to?"

"Oh, that was the organ grinder. He was just asking me a few questions about monkeys."

SUSAN WIGLE, VI A



## THE FASCINATION OF THE SEA

The Boy stood on the rippled expanse of peppery beach, head thrown back and chest thrust towards the wind which blew from the rough sea. As he stood motionless, his head became filled with dreams of the immortal sea, the blustering wind and the vastness of the earth. His mind went further and further into the realms of fancy, and suddenly his whole world went white, with streaks of burnished gold darting back and forth; this was his first glimpse of God. When he opened his eyes he swooped to earth with a mighty slide and once again he saw the amethyst sea, the slowly-moving clouds sharply outlined against the azure sky, and felt the poignancy of the living air about him. Everything sparkled and radiated with jets of piercing light. The day and the world were halcyon and all wild things seemed to co-ordinate and unite into one immortal picture of God.

As the Boy's thoughts gradually slipped down to earth, he began to dream a boy's dreams, about the life of a courageous sailor, of a blood-thirsty pirate, or of a daring explorer. There would be no school for him, no rules, no obedience, no compulsion; nothing but freedom, with, if he were a pirate, an occasional escapade of looting and plundering that would result in an ideal life of luxury and peace. That would be perfection. But now he was back on earth again, and his dreams could not for the moment be recaptured.

Way way out across the sea on the horizon stood the majestic Olympic Mountains, guardians of all which surrounded them. When the Boy looked across the water, he could see every jagged outline of each sky-climbing peak, which seemed to grow out of a thick wall of solid cloud. Below the sentry of clouds hung a veiling mist, and below that the chalk-white cliffs of Los Angeles disappeared into the waving sea. Between the mountains and the Boy's beach, a huge white steamer ploughed its way slowly through the prancing white horses, bucking the waves and tossing them to one side as it passed. The raucous cries of the hungry sea gulls could be vaguely heard as the great birds wheeled unendingly above the ship. Now and then they swooped down to pluck from the sea the crusts thrown to them from the ship. The

Boy half-closed his eyes and dreamed that he was the captain of the ship, standing sturdily at the wheel steering his vessel through the deep waters. When he looked out to sea again the ship had slipped over the horizon and once more the Boy was a wild thing, his only companions the wild birds and the deserted sea.

ELIZABETH CREERY, VI A



### A PICTURE OF NANCIA

I should like to be able to paint a picture of a very young girl, whom I call Nancia. I would have to paint her, not how others see her, but as she was, and is to me. The first time I saw her she was standing in the doorway of a dimly lit room and she was looking over the spiral staircase to see who had come in the door. She saw me. I had come in out of the rain—a grey drizzling rain that had been going on all day. The church bell a few blocks away was ringing the sixth hour, but to Nancia it must have seemed much, much later. She stood there,—quietly, and looked at me almost pathetically as I climbed the stairs. I hesitated a moment, and smiled. Nancia smiled back instantaneously as though happy that I had even noticed her. The overalls and polo shirt hung limply on her slender body and her curly hair was mussed, and sort of rumply. She asked me if I would please come and play with her and I told her yes, I would, after I had had some supper here.

Quickly she said, "But you may have supper here—please?"

"I would have said, 'No—I'll be down later,'" but when I thought of the disappointment that I knew would come in her eyes, I said, "All right. Thank-you."

She took me by the hand over to a small stool that was in front of a small fire place, with a still smaller fire in it, and we sat down; I on the stool and Nancia on the floor. We said nothing. Then she decided that she was thirsty and remembered that I was hungry. She jumped up and skipped through a door to what must have been the kitchen; when she was gone, I tried to remember what she looked like, but could not. I could see the stubby brown shoes, the polo shirt, the overalls, the mussed curly hair, but that was all. That bothered me a great deal for I could not remember her eyes,

and to me, they were the most important part of Nancia. I could, however, remember what I saw in them, even though I could not explain it. Nancia seemed to be hunting desperately for something, yet her eyes had so much already. It was as though she alone had the answer, or knowledge to answer something very great to her, and yet she could not express it to any one. They were eyes that you would look at—look at again—and wonder . . . . And yet I could not remember them.

Soon she returned with a glass of water in one hand and a large copper bowl full of pop-corn in the other. I thanked her and then, seeing the eyes a second time thought, "No, you can never forget them again." Noticing the piano in the far corner I asked her if she could play, and if so, would she play for me. She seemed happy that I had asked her, but in a sad, quiet way. It is not often that I have seen people portray sadness and happiness at the same time, especially a five year old. And then she played—she played in the same way that her eyes looked, lightly, but with depth—strangely, but with beauty. I sat there for a long time, wishing that she would never stop, but after a while she did stop. She slid off the bench, walked over to the fire, picked up the pop-corn and turning, looked directly at me for the first time. That is the picture of Nancia I should like to paint—Nancia, looking at me with the music still lingering in the room, the fire behind her and the pop-corn in her hand, for I can only remember the stubby brown shoes, the polo shirt, the overalls and the mussed curly hair. I cannot remember the face—nor the eyes.

DOLLY ANN ARNOLD, Matric



### REFLECTIONS

The time is twelve o'clock at night:  
The scene—a sea—a path of light.  
I stand above the foaming deep  
Surrounded by immortal sleep,  
And from my cliff survey the sky  
Where moon and stars together lie.  
A feeling of unmeasured joy  
That nothing ever will destroy  
Is brought by pictures such as these  
In times of rest and hours of ease.

VALERIE MEYER, Matric



## THE TRIALS OF A TAXI-DRIVER

"Don't be too condescendin' or you'll be old before your time!"

Those are the words I wrote on a small piece of paper which is glued to the front windshield of my car. I s'pose you're wonderin' just what promptin' led me t'do such a thing. Well, if you're not in too much of a hurry, sit down an' I'll tell you the whole story.

I've been drivin' Lulu Belle—that's my taxi—for pretty near fifteen years now and I'm beginnin' to consider myself an old hand at the job. That is, I was, until the day before yesterday. Lulu Belle and I were cruisin' along Fifth Avenoo, enjoyin' the foist day of spring, when I saw a little old lady standin' in the middle of all the traffic as if she couldn't make up her mind which way to turn. Since it was such a nice spring day, and I was in such good spirits, I stopped and asked the lady if she'd like a taxi.

"Oh, but of course; that is what I have been waiting for."

I wanted to tell her that the middle of Fifth Avenoo ain't the place to wait for a taxi, but I kept it to m'self. Feelin' like Young Lochinvar, I sprung out of Lulu Belle to open the door for the lady, completely forgettin' that we were in the middle of Fifth Avenoo. Y' shudda heard the screechin' of brakes, the horns a' blowin', and all the noise of Noo York seemed t' be lettin' loose right there. When I crawled from under dear old Lulu Belle, the foist thing I saw was m' lady friend, and what a sight she was! Everythin' was scattered everywhere—the lady's purse, blue bonnet, little umbrella that was for the sun, I guess—while she was sittin' on the street there with that dazed look on her face, her face which was goin' the colour of her smudged lipstick.

A small feelin' of Lochinvar still left inside me, I ran around pickin' everything up, includin' the lady, hustled her into Lulu Belle, and tried to get out of the crowd that was collectin' from all directions. I looked in the mirror to see what had become of m' friend. There were the umbrella, the purse, and the hat just as I'd tossed them into the back seat, but no lady friend. Thinkin' that my recent experience had fixed my head for good, I screeched Lulu Belle to a halt and got out to open the back door, with the intention of findin' some sort of identification in the purse. There she was, on the floor of Lulu Belle, crawlin' around on her hands and knees as if she was lookin' for somethin'.

"Where can I take you, Ma'am?" I asked in the politest voice I could muster. No answer. "Eh, pardon me, ma'am, but, would you like a taxi?" No answer. "A—hem! a—hem! a—hem!" Still no answer.

She had her back to me and was pokin' around under the seat. Since there was nothin' else I could do, I crouched down and started to look too—what for, I didn't know. Then, without any warnin', she lifted her head with quite a force for an old lady, and I got the impact square on the forehead. The foist thing I knew, I was sittin' on the sidewalk, starin' into the shakin' umbrella of the lady who now had her hat on, and was holdin' her purse.

"And furthermore, young man, I am in a terrible hurry—do you know why? Well, my favorite daughter is having her fifth baby and I just must get to the hospital as quickly as possible. If you try to steal anyone's purse again you won't get away with it; do you hear?"

She kept shakin' that small umbrella at me as if she was goin' to let it down on my head any minute."

"Now, where can I find a taxi?"

With as much control as possible, I bowed towards Lulu Belle and mumbled somethin'. She looked me up and down and said she'd trust me, but if there was any funny business she'd use her umbrella. With that she hopped in, and sat in the middle o' the back seat, lookin' as if she was the Queen 'o Sheba.

"Take me to the Bentbrook Hospital, and do, do, do hurry!"

She was fixin' her white hair under her hat, and poked me now and then to hurry up.

"I say, ma'am," I shouted, "I wasn't tryin' to steal your purse—I just wanted t'tell you that I'm not the kind o' man....."

"What's that? I'm certainly not going to burst; such insinuations! I am perfectly calm. I'll have you know I haven't been out of my house for three years, but I still know when someone is being rude!"

Seein' that it was the foist day o' spring, I thought that everyone should have nice feelin's toward each other, so I tried again. "I think it's very nice about your daughter havin' a baby, ma'am."

This time she heard me, and now I wish she hadn't, because she told me the history of her

folks from the time they came over on the "Mayflower." When we finally reached the hospital, Lulu Belle and I were about beat.

Then m' lady friend said, "You were sweet, getting me here so quickly, and I judged you all wrong about trying to steal my purse. By the way, if you happen to find an ear phone in the back of your car, I mean taxi, would you send it to this address? You see, I am deaf. I'll let you know whether it is a boy or girl, and whenever any

of my children have children, you'll be the one to drive me to the hospital."

She climbed the steps of the hospital, and went in the door, umbrella swingin' at her side. That's m' story. It might not seem as bad to you, but Lulu Belle and I got older in that one afternoon than we had in the last ten years. That's why I'm usin' good old Lulu Belle as a hot dog stand—we both feel it's a lot safer this way.

JOAN ROBB, Matric



### MON SPORT FAVORI

Comme je suis, ou plutôt, comme j'imagine être une bonne skieuse, je décide un beau matin de me lever de bonne heure et de prendre le premier autobus pour aller skier au Gatineau. Quand nous arrivons à Chelsea, en descendant de l'autobus, je gêne tout le monde avec mes skis. Je regarde la grande colline, au fond de la vallée, alors l'idée me vient de la descendre à toute vitesse—tel un petit oiseau. J'aime beaucoup skier; c'est agréable et très sain, de plus, c'est mon sport favori.

Hélas! Quand j'arrive au pied de la colline, la descente me semble une chose bien différente de ce que je m'étais imaginé tout d'abord. La pente est si raide, enfin, après beaucoup d'efforts, je parviens à gravir la colline au moyen du grand monte-pente . . . . . comme un vrai professionnel!!

Arrivée en haut, je me sens timide, toutefois je prends mon courage à deux mains et m'élance sur la pente. C'est beau au commencement, mais quand je prends de la vitesse, cela n'est plus si agréable. Oui, je vole, mais mon vol est bien différent de celui d'un oiseau!! Le vent me fouette le visage, je ne peux pas voir, je ne peux pas entendre. Je skie par-dessus les roches, par-dessus d'autres skis et quelquefois il me semble passer par-dessus d'autres skieurs. Soudain un sapin se dresse devant moi. Je ne peux pas passer au travers de cet arbre. Il approche et je ferme les yeux . . . . .

Blessée, je n'ai nul mal à rentrer chez moi car j'y vais sur un brancard. Malgré tout, le ski demeure mon sport favori.

NAOMI SMITH, Matric



### MON CHAT

J'ai un très bon chat. On me l'a donné il y a un an. Il s'appelle "Cheetah", qui est le nom d'un animal sauvage.

Il est très gentil et doux, mais quand "Lassie", une chienne du voisinage, vient le voir, il se transforme en vrai tigre. Il devient méchant et ses poils autour du cou se hérissent. Pauvre chienne! La chienne n'aime pas le chat non plus. Pauvre chat!

Mon chat est très intelligent et habile. Quand

mon frère laisse traîner ses petites automobiles dans la maison, le chat les trouve toujours et joue avec. Il les aime beaucoup. D'une patte, il pousse les petites automobiles tandis que de l'autre il les arrête. C'est drôle de le voir.

Il suit mon frère par toute la maison et veut jouer avec lui tout le temps. Ils sont inséparables.

Cheetah est quelquefois très polisson, mais je l'aime beaucoup malgré cela.

A. LUCAS, VI B

# Juniors



## JUNIOR COTTAGE

"Junior Cottage" is the small but pretty cottage in which the twenty Juniors live. Our day begins at seven when we are rudely awakened by the bell. Breakfast is at the big school, which somehow the two Wards, Jill Woods, Raquel Caridi and Olivia Rorke just manage to reach in time. The day is much like that of the big school except that some of us have music at four-thirty. After a six o'clock supper, those who have Second Prep stay while the rest go over to the cottage and play until bedtime. At eight-thirty the silence bell goes and we are quiet (?)

Of course there are days when we have special things such as our dancing lessons when we either have the B.C.S. Prep boys here or else we go over there. Miss Keyzer teaches us the grace of ball-room dancing. At Christmas we had a Christmas party at which Judy Northey acted as Santa Claus. Before Santa Claus came, we sang Christmas carols and put the presents under the tree. When Santa finally arrived "he" distributed the many presents; after that we had some candy and then we went up to bed, tired but happy. On the last night of the Christmas term we had our supper at the cottage. When we finished we went to our rooms and played. We asked Mrs. Elliot to our Valentine's party. When all the valentines had been distributed we had some refreshments. Often Mrs. Thissen and Mrs. Wiggett let us pop popcorn on Saturday nights.

On Friday evenings we stay up much later than usual and very often Jane Mitchell, Judy Perron,

Wendy Smith, Cynthia Bailey, Susan Vickers and Sandra Stewart put on a play for us. One of their favourites is "The Three Pigs."

Some girls are ardent sports admirers. For example Judy Northey, Tony Mitchell and Ann Rawlings are hockey fans. Some girls, such as Judy St. George and Sandy Smith are lovers of animals.

Mrs. Thissen and Mrs. Wiggett, our matrons, have been very kind to us, and we want to thank them for many treats, for mending our clothes, and for the hundreds of things done for us each day.

The twenty of us have found that this year has gone much too quickly. Altogether we have had a happy and successful year.

OLIVIA RORKE, VB



## FISHING

Last summer I went fishing with my father. We went to fish in the Lake of Two Mountains. The fishing there is very good. You can catch most kinds of fish in that lake.

Our house is on the side of the river. It is very quiet there because not many people live there.

We have a fairly big motor boat which we use for going fishing or for pleasure rides. It has a very small motor but goes very fast.

I like living by the river because there are lots of things to do.

DIANE ANGUS, IV A



### TROPICAL FISH

It was five years ago last June that Daddy came home from a walk with seven tadpoles in a jar. The tadpoles of course became frogs so we let them go. We missed the frogs so much that we decided to get some goldfish. Well, goldfish have never seemed to like us, because the first thing they did was to curl up their toes and die. Finding that goldfish were just a waste of time, we tried guppies. The guppies multiplied so fast that soon we were giving away the parent fish as well as the little ones. Next we tried mollies, moons, platies and helleri which unfortunately all belong to the same family as guppies, and so, of course, they breed much too fast for our comfort.

Finally Daddy got some zebra fish which just suited us. In the world of fish, they are quite simple to breed as long as they are bred in very neutral water, because otherwise they won't spawn. The first time we fixed them up in a tank by themselves they refused to do so. Four or five days later, we tried again but with the same results. After about a month of fruitless efforts on our part, the fish finally laid about two hundred eggs. Soon we could see the embryo moving in the almost transparent eggs. In a couple of days, the eggs had gone a funny colour and to our dismay we found that they had moulded. After quite a while, we could breed the fish, but always the eggs moulded. Finally some of the eggs hatched. Great was our rejoicing! But we found our joy short-lived, for when the fish were put in the baby fish tank they died. Next time we waited until the fish were almost grown up, but to no purpose. This kept up until we found our mistake when Daddy tested the water one day. The water in which we had been breeding the fish had to be very neutral, and the water in which we had put the babies was strongly acid. No wonder they died because it was just like putting a salt water fish into fresh water.

After this rather sad and silly mistake, we bred zebra until they were just about as bad as the guppies. Now that we have finished experimenting with zebra, we are trying to breed angel fish. Fish are fun, but you must be extremely patient, because it takes time for you to get used to them and for them to get used to you.

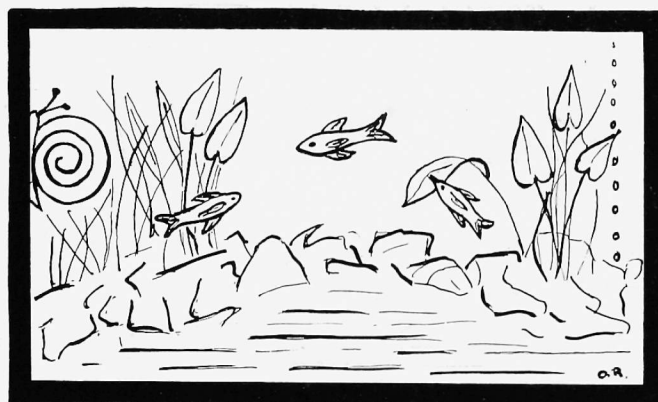
OLIVIA RORKE, VI B

### THE WEST TO ME

The West to me is a lovely place, with the plains that stretch so far, and then the forest that rises out of nowhere. Lots of ponies are there for riding, and others are cow ponies, which the cowboys use to round up the steers. Horses are for fast journeys and for stage coaches. The cowboys always keep some calm ponies for visitors from the East. Every cowboy or cowgirl that you meet has a six-shooter in his holster, and a belt full of lead.

When I went out there in my dreams, I went to a lovely ranch. The name of it is "Lazy Chair Ranch" because the property is in the shape of a chair lying down. My dream did not go very far because I was soon awakened by the teacher.

LINDA WARD, IV A

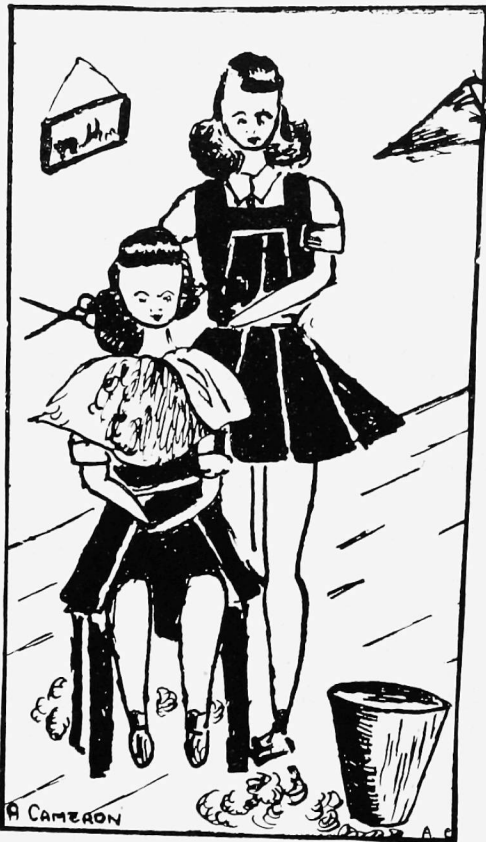


To illustrate "Tropical Fish"  
— Olivia RORKE

### THE DAY WE GO HOME

At the cottage, the day we go home is always very exciting. We are awakened by the bell which goes about six o'clock. Some of us stay in bed, while others rush to save a basin. After we have washed we get into our Sunday clothes, pack our suitcases and wait in the down-stairs hall. Then there is a bell to go over to the big school for breakfast. Most of us cannot eat very much for we are very excited. After we have finished our breakfast we all pile into the taxis which take us to the train. About an hour after we are on the train a man comes around to sell candy and pop. I have always thought the trip home is one of the most exciting parts of the term.

SANDRA SMITH, IV A



### HAIL VICTORIA!

Last year, about the middle of October, a new member came to the school. It was a small Dachshund pup named Victoria, but Vicky for short. She belongs to Mrs. Aitken.

Vicky is not golden in colour, but black and tan. When she first came she was very small, but now! She has a sweet disposition, and good manners for a puppy her age, for she is not quite a year old. Vicky gets terribly mischievous at times. She is supposed to stay in Miss Gillard's house, but occasionally she will scamper out into the halls and slip in and out of everybody's legs. I understand it's quite a job to keep her in the house when the door is open. She also mauls poor Monsieur around, pulls at his ears, tries to take his bones, and barks at him. He seems to enjoy it, though!

I hope that Vicky stays with the school for a long time yet.

JUDY ST. GEORGE, IV A

### THE HUNT

We come to the meet  
And the hounds are let out;  
As they gather around the huntsmen's horses  
They're anxious to go to work on the scent.

We're off as the hunting horn blows;  
The hounds find the scent  
And are off on the trail;  
We're off at a gallop behind them.

At last the day is done  
And we hack back home;  
We have not had a kill  
But next time we will.

The horses are bedded  
And watered and fed;  
Their day is over too,  
And their faithful job done.

TONI MITCHELL, IV A



### THE LAST MORNING OF SCHOOL

On the last morning we are all excited to get home. At about eight o'clock we have breakfast, and then four or five classes. After these few classes we go to the gym and have prayers and later Miss Gillard speaks to us. We come down, have Break and then go to our classroom and the form mistress will check the form room to see it is tidy for the vacation. About five minutes later when everybody is bringing mops, dusters and all sorts of instruments to the classroom everybody is working. Dinner is at one o'clock and then we pack our trunks. Then some of the girls that live near the school, (like me) are allowed to go home. This day is the busiest of all days in the term.

At night we all go to bed very tired but happy.

SHEILA GRIER, IV A





WILLA OGILVIE, Matric

Winners of  
Magazine Poster Competition



HEATHER ALLAN  
HEATHER ROGERS  
VI B



## K.H.C. O.G.A. News

### MARRIAGES

|                           |    |                              |           |          |
|---------------------------|----|------------------------------|-----------|----------|
| Anne Doreen Day Troup     | to | Mr. Jean Leopold Cusack      | May       | 27, 1949 |
| Diana Stevens             | to | Mr. George S. P. Ferguson    | May       | 28, 1949 |
| Mary Goodfellow           | to | Mr. Richard C. Doane         | June      | 17, 1949 |
| Joyce Carr                | to | Mr. Robert F. Weidgenant     | June      | 18, 1949 |
| Joyce Clarke              | to | Mr. David G. Bedford         | June      | 25, 1949 |
| Elizabeth Holt            | to | Mr. John Fisher              | July      | 26, 1949 |
| Caroline Cate             | to | Mr. Robert E. Evans          | August    | 20, 1949 |
| Nancy Alison Campbell     | to | Mr. Brian Little             | August    | 20, 1949 |
| Jean Kathleen Ross        | to | Mr. Michael W. Townsend      | September | 3, 1949  |
| Mary Elizabeth Stockwell  | to | Mr. Clarke R. Kemp           | September | 10, 1949 |
| Josephine Dickson Hadley  | to | Lt. Comdr. Dunn Lantier      | September | 17, 1949 |
| Patricia Elaine Johnson   | to | Mr. James Rogers Peers       | September | 24, 1949 |
| Barbara Anne Robb         | to | Mr. John Donald Gunn Thomson | October   | 8, 1949  |
| Heather Muir              | to | Mr. Yves Levesque            | November  | 26, 1949 |
| Marion Sheila Ross Ramsay | to | Mr. Douglas Bourke           | March     | 1, 1950  |

### ENGAGEMENTS

|                  |    |                    |           |          |
|------------------|----|--------------------|-----------|----------|
| Shirley Harrison | to | Mr. Patrick Stoker | September | 28, 1949 |
| Gloria Partridge | to | Mr. Harry A. Hall  | March     | 30, 1950 |

### BIRTHS

|                                     |                         |             |          |          |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|-------------|----------|----------|
| Mr. and Mrs. George Galt            | (Jocelyn Pangman)       | a son,      | March    | 10, 1950 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Beck, Jr.    | (Anne Morgan)           | a son,      | August   | 7, 1949  |
| Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cochand          | (Mona Maclean)          | a daughter, | November | 4, 1949  |
| Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dobell          | (Bette Pritchard)       | a son,      | February | 12, 1950 |
| Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Dawes            | (Judy Merrill)          | a son,      | January  | 23, 1950 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Davies          | (Elizabeth Partridge)   | a son,      | November | 24, 1949 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Michael Dalglish       | (Xanthe Ryder)          | a son,      | February | 23, 1950 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Gibson         | (Margaret Ambrose)      | a son,      | November | 6, 1949  |
| Mr. and Mrs. Norman Macfarlane      | (Elaine-Anne Casgrain)  | a daughter, | February | 28, 1950 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Roy McLernon           | (Phyllis Morrissey)     | a son,      | March    | 2, 1950  |
| Mr. and Mrs. Walter Miller          | (Joan Beckett)          | a son,      | February | 24, 1950 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McMurrich       | (Carol Roy)             | a son,      | November | 6, 1949  |
| Mr. and Mrs. Ian Matheson           | (Phyllis Elder)         | a son,      | August   | 21, 1949 |
| Rt. Hon. and Mrs. Malcolm MacDonald | (Audrey Fellows)        | a daughter, | January  | 1950     |
| Mr. and Mrs. James N. Morton        | (Lucille Molson)        | a daughter, | November | 10, 1950 |
| Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Miller           | (Joan Clarkson)         | a son,      | July     | 21, 1949 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Dave Robins            | (Joan Spafford)         | a son,      | January  | 19, 1950 |
| Dr. and Mrs. Graham Taylor          | (Elizabeth Elder)       | a son,      | July     | 20, 1949 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Thorp          | (Keltie MacKinnon)      | a daughter, | October  | 31, 1949 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Williams    | (Marcia Drake Brockman) | a son,      | July     | 20, 1949 |
| Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Worrell          | (Marylyn Rutley)        | a daughter, | November | 14, 1949 |
| Major and Mrs. David Walker         | (Willa Magee)           | a son,      | October  | 24, 1949 |
| Mr. and Mrs. V. Vickers             | (Mary Grant)            | a son,      | January  | 23, 1950 |

### DEATHS

Mary Louisa Harriet (Fortier) Hill, in her 79th year.  
 Mary Wallace Brooks, poetess, authoress, and playwright, at Waterloo, P.Q., in her 70th year.  
 Margery Guy Todd, at the Pasteur Institute, Paris, France; September 22nd, 1949.

## School Directory

- Allan, H., 190 Senneville Road, Senneville, P.Q.  
 Anderson, H., 430 Mt. Stephen Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 Angus, D., Hudson Heights, P.Q.  
 Angus, S., Hudson Heights, P.Q.  
 Arnold, D. A., 861 Greenwood Avenue, Glencoe, Illinois.  
 Bailey, C., 4876 Cote des Neiges, Montreal, P.Q.  
 Beaubien, M., 1321 Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, P.Q.  
 Bieler, S., 33 Hill, Kingston, Ontario.  
 Bock, R., 383 Stewart Street, Ottawa, Ontario.  
 Bogert, F., Georgeville Road, Magog, P.Q.  
 Boright, A., 39 Clough Avenue, Lennoxville, P.Q.  
 Bulman, S., "The Cottage," Stanstead, P.Q.  
 Cameron, A., 291 Park Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.  
 Caridi, G., Carrera 52 No. 70-36, El Prado, Barranquilla, Columbia, S.A.  
 Caridi, R., Carrera 52 No. 70-36, El Prado, Barranquilla, Columbia, S.A.  
 Chaplin, J., Abbotsford, P.Q.  
 Chaplin, M., Abbotsford, P.Q.  
 Chaplin, J., 241 South Main Street, West Hartford, Connecticut.  
 Chonchol, R., Apartado 1828, Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.  
 Coleman, A., Box 100, North Hatley, P.Q.  
 Coutu, J., c/o Crescent Amusements, Temiskaming, P.Q.  
 Creery, E., 35 MacKay Street, Ottawa, Ont.  
 Cuthbertson, S., 597 Berwick Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.  
 Dawes, B., 4337 Westmount Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 Dawkins, P., 537 Querbes Avenue, Outremont, P.Q.  
 Donald, J., "Fairview," Ancaster, Ont.  
 Downs, S. A., 9 Clough Avenue, Lennoxville, P.Q.  
 Drew, D., 1611 Selkirk Avenue, Montreal, P.Q.  
 Drummond, B., 47 Rosemount Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 Ellis, P., 540 Kenaston Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.  
 English, A., Hancock, New Hampshire.  
 Evans, K., 1617 Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, P.Q.  
 Everett, J., 162 Center Street, Concord, New Hampshire.  
 Faulkner, C., P.O. Box 67, St. Agathe des Monts, P.Q.  
 Fellows, M., 3957 Ramezay Avenue, Montreal, P.Q.  
 FitzGerald, I., 188 Main Street, Lachute, P.Q.  
 Frewin, J., 16 North Cote Road, Hampstead, P.Q.  
 Fry, J., 16 Thornhill Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 Garland, V., 3440 Simpson Street, Montreal, P.Q.  
 Gemmill, J., 286 Waverley Street, River Heights, Winnipeg, Manitoba.  
 Gill, V., 17 Bergen Avenue, Hillsdale, New Jersey.  
 Gilmour, M., 49 St. James Place, Hamilton, Ont.  
 Gilmour, N., 49 St. James Place, Hamilton, Ont.  
 Goelet, E., "The Ledges" Stowe, Vermont.  
 Gordon, A., 268 Lytton Blvd., Toronto, Ont.  
 Gordon, J., 268 Lytton Blvd., Toronto, Ont.  
 Gordon, E., 3445 Ridgewood Road, Apt. 411, Montreal, P.Q.  
 Gordon, L., 4725 Kingston Road, Montreal, P.Q.  
 Gordon, J., Knowlton, P.Q.  
 Gordon, S., Knowlton, P.Q.  
 Grant, S., 407 Minto Place, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.  
 Gray, S., 7 Bellevue Avenue, Magog, P.Q.  
 Grier, S., Lennoxville, P.Q.  
 Gruchy, P., 5 Hill Road, Grand Falls, Newfoundland.  
 Hands, C., 25 Rosemount Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.  
 Hanson, J., 352 Acadia Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.  
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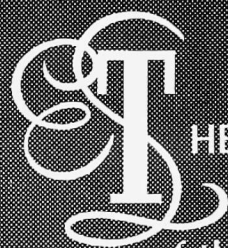
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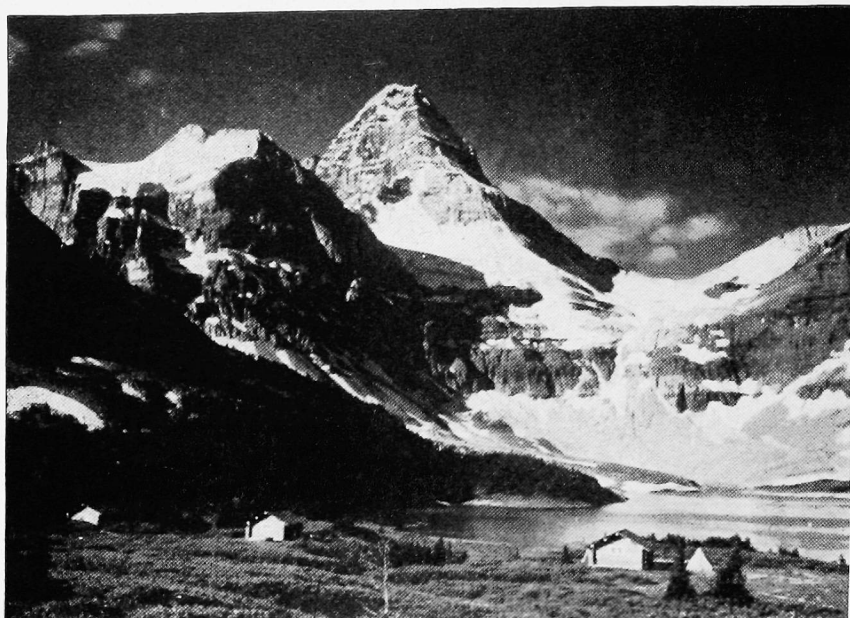


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